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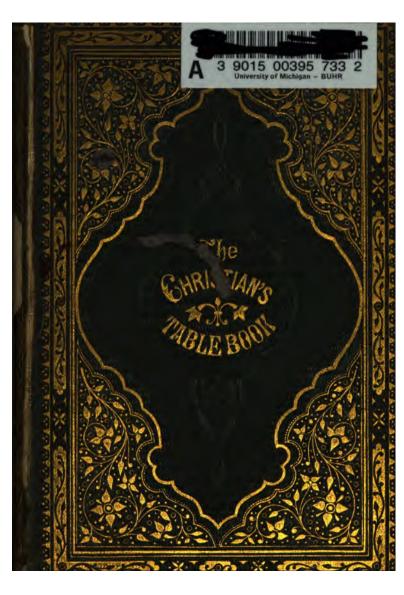
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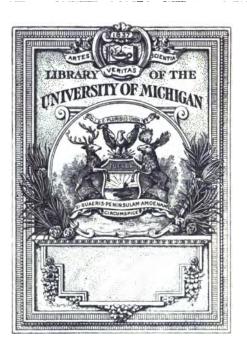
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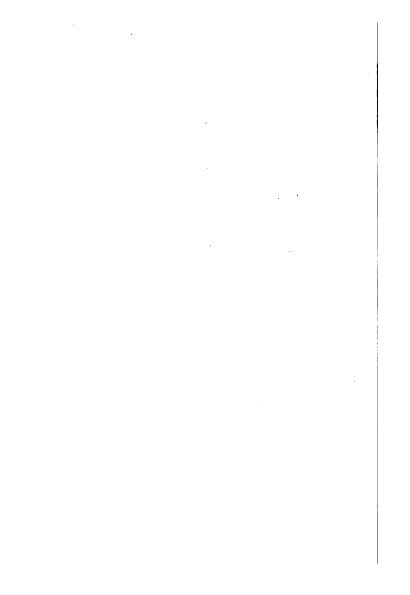
THE CHRISTIAN'S TABLE BOOK.

SECOND SERIES.

Agnes Suly June 15/60



CHRISTIAN'S TABLE BU



SELECT POETRY;

CHIEFLY ON SUBJECTS

CONNECTED WITH RELIGION.

FOURTH EDITION.

SEELEYS, HANOVER STREET, REGENT STREET.
LONDON, MDCCCLX.

W. M. WATTS, GROWN COURT, TEMPLE BAR, LONDON.

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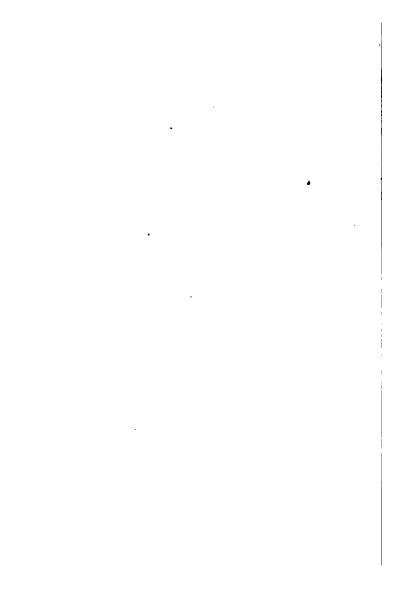
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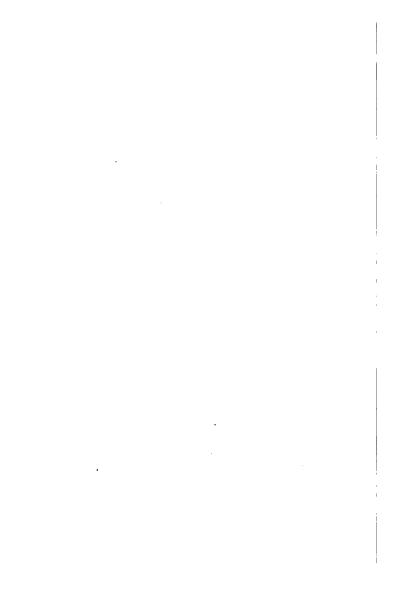
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I.

THE POWER, GOODNESS, AND LOVE OF GOD.



SELECT POETRY.

I.

THE God of Abrah'm praise,
Who reigns enthron'd above;
Ancient of Everlasting Days,
And God of Love.
Jehovah, Great I AM!
By earth and heaven confess'd,
I bow and bless the Sacred Name,
For ever bless'd.

The God of Abrah'm praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise—and seek the joys
At his right-hand:
I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power;
And Him my only portion make—
My shield and tower.

The God of Abrah'm praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide me through my pilgrimage,
In all my ways:
He calls a worm his friend!
He calls Himself my God!
And he shall save me to the end,
Through Jesu's blood.

He by Himself hath sworn,
I on his oath depend,
I shall, on eagle's wings upborne,
To heaven ascend;
I shall behold his face,
I shall his power adore,
And sing the wonders of his grace
For evermore.

Though nature's strength decay,
And earth and hell withstand,
To Canaan's bounds I urge my way,
At His command:
The waters deep I pass,
With Jesus in my view;
And, through the howling wilderness,
My way pursue.

The goodly land I see,
With peace and plenty blest;
A land of sacred liberty
And endless rest:
There milk and honey flow,
And oil and wine abound;
And trees of life for ever grow,
With mercy crown'd.

There dwells the Lord our King,
The Lord our Righteousness;
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
The Prince of Peace.
On Sion's sacred height
His kingdom he maintains;
And glorious, with his saints in light,
For ever reigns.

He keeps his own secure,
And guards them by his side;
Arrays in garments white and pure
His spotless Bride—
With streams of sacred bliss,
With groves of living joys,
With all the fruits of Paradise,
He still supplies.

Before the Great THREE-ONE
They all exulting stand,
And tell the wonders He hath done
Through every land;
The list'ning spheres attend,
And swell the growing fame,
And sing, in songs which never end,
The Wond'rous Name.

The God who reigns on High
The mighty angels sing,
And "Holy, Holy, Holy" cry—
"Almighty King!
Who wert, and art the same,
And evermore shalt be,
Jehovah—Father—Great I AM,
We worship Thee!"

Before the Saviour's face
The ransom'd nations bow;
O'erwhelm'd at His Almighty Grace,
For ever new:
He shews his prints of love,
They kindle to a flame,
And sound through all the worlds above,
"The Slaughter'd Lamb!"

The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on High:
"Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!"
They ever cry:
Hail, Abrah'm's God and MINE,
I join the heavenly lays;
All might and majesty be thine,
And endless praise!

TT.

Gon's furnace doth in Sion stand, But Sion's God stands by, As the refiner views his gold With an observant eye.

His thoughts are high, his love is wise, His wounds a cure intend; And though he doth not always smile, He loves unto the end.

Thy love is constant to its line,
Though clouds oft come between:
Oh! could my faith but pierce those clouds,
It might be always seen.

But I am weak, and forced to cry, Take up my soul to thee; Then, as thou ever art the same, So shall I also be.

III.

The Lord abounds with tender love, And unexampled acts of grace; His waken'd wrath does slowly move, His willing mercy flows apace.

God will not always harshly chide, But with his anger swiftly part: And loves his punishments to guide, More by his love than our desert.

As high as heaven its arch extends
Above this little spot of clay:
So much his boundless love transcends,
The small respects that we can pay.

As far as 'tis from east to west,
So far has he our sins removed;
Who with a father's tender breast
Has such as fear him always loved.

IV.

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim.
Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Doth his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The works of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly, to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth;
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though, in solemn silence, all Move round this dark terrestrial ball? What though no real voice nor sound Amid their radiant orbs be found? In reason's ear they all rejoice, And utter forth a glorious voice; For ever singing, as they shine, "The hand that made us is divine."

V.

HE is the freeman whom the truth makes free. And all are slaves beside; there's not a chain. That hellish foes, confederate for harm, Can wind around him, but he casts it off With as much ease as Samson his green withs. · He looks abroad into the varied field Of nature, and though poor, perhaps, compared With those whose mansions glitter in his sight, Calls the delightful scenery all his own. His are the mountains, and the valleys his, And the resplendent rivers. His t'enjoy With a propriety that none can tell, But who, with filial gratitude inspired, Can lift to heav'n an unpresumptuous eye, And smiling say-" My Father made them all!" Are they not his by a peculiar right, And by an emphasis of interest his, Whose eye they fill with tears of holy joy, Whose heart with praise, and whose exalted mind With worthy thoughts of that unwearied love, That plann'd, and built, and still upholds, a world?

VI.

Thy way, O Lord, is in the sea; Thy paths I cannot trace; Nor comprehend the mystery Of thine unbounded grace.

Here, the dark veils of flesh and sense
My captive soul surround;
Mysterious deeps of providence
My wandering thoughts confound.

When I behold thine awful hand
My earthly hopes destroy,
In deep astonishment I stand,
And ask the reason why?

As through a glass I dimly see
The wonders of thy love;
How little do I know of thee,
Or of the joys above!

'Tis but in part I know thy will;
I bless thee for the sight:—
When will thy love the rest reveal,
In glory's clearer light?

With rapture shall I then survey
Thy providence and grace;
And spend an everlasting day
In wonder, love, and praise.

VII.

Shall foolish, weak, short-sighted man Beyond archangels go,
The great Almighty God explain,
Or to perfection know?
His attributes divinely soar
Above the creature's sight,
And prostrate seraphim adore
The glorious Infinite.

Jehovah's everlasting days,
They cannot number'd be;
Incomprehensible the space
Of thine immensity;
Thy wisdom's depths by reason's line
In vain we strive to sound;
Or stretch our labouring thought t' assign
Omnipotence a bound.

The brightness of thy glories leaves
Description far below;
Nor man's, nor angel's heart conceives
How deep thy mercies flow.
Thy love is most unsearchable,
And dazzles all above;
They gaze, but cannot count or tell
The treasures of thy love.

VIII.

AND is there care in heaven? and is there love
In heavenly spirits to these creatures base,
That may compassion of their evils move?
There is;—else much more wretched were the case
Of men than beasts. But oh! the exceeding grace
Of highest God! that loves his creatures so,
And all his works with mercy doth embrace,
That blessed angels he sends to and fro,
To serve to wicked man, to serve his wicked foe.

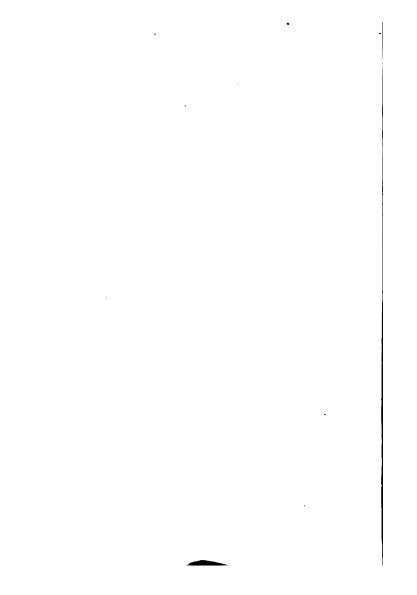
How oft do they their silver bowers leave
To come to succour us that succour want?
How oft do they with golden pinions cleave
The flitting skies, like flying pursuivant,
Against foul fiends to aid us militant?
They for us fight, they watch and duly ward,
And their bright squadrons round about us plant,
And all for love, and nothing for reward:
Oh! why should heavenly God to man have such regard!

IX.

Thou whose Almighty Word Chaos and darkness heard, And took their flight; Hear us, we humbly pray, And where the Gospel's day Shed not its glorious ray, "Let there be Light!"

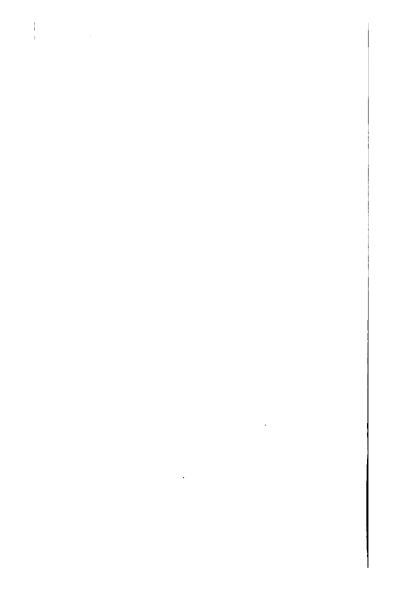
Thou who didst come to bring,
On thy redeeming wing,
Healing and sight;
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind;
Oh now to all mankind
"Let there be Light!"

Spirit of Truth and Love, Life-giving Holy Dove, Speed forth thy flight: Move on the waters' face, Bearing the Lamp of Grace; And in Earth's darkest place "Let there be Light!" Holy, Holy, Holy,
Most glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, Love, Might!
Boundless as ocean's tide
Rolling in fullest pride,
O'er the earth, far and wide,
"Let there be Light!"



II.

GOD THE REFUGE OF HIS PEOPLE.



X.

COMMIT thou all thy griefs
And ways into His hands,
To His sure truth and tender care,
Who earth and heaven commands:
Who 'ppoints the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey,
He shall direct thy wand'ring feet,
He shall prepare thy way.

Thou on the Lord rely,
So, safe, shalt thou go on:
Fix on His work thy stedfast eye,
So shall thy work be done:
No profit can'st thou gain
By self-consuming care,
To Him commend thy cause: His ear
Attends the softest prayer.

Thine everlasting truth,
Father! thy ceaseless love,
Sees all thy children's wants, and knows
What best for each will prove;
And whatsoe'er Thou will'st
Thou dost, O King of kings!
What thine unerring wisdom chose,
Thy power to being brings.

Thou everywhere hast sway,
And all things serve thy might:
Each act of thine pure blessing is—
Thy path, unsullied light:
When Thou arisest, Lord!
What shall thy work withstand?
What all thy children want, thou giv'st,
Who, who shall stay thy hand?

Give to the winds thy fears:
Hope, and be undismay'd:
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears,
God shall lift up thy head;
Through waves, and clouds, and storms.
He gently clears thy way:
Wait thou His time, so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

Still heavy is thy heart?
Still sinks thy spirit down?
Cast off the weight: let fear depart,
And every care be gone:
What though thou rulest not,
Yet heaven, and earth, and hell
Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well.

Leave to his sov'reign sway
To choose and to command;
So shalt thou, wond'ring, own his way,
How wise, how strong his hand:
Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully he the work hath wrought,
Which caus'd thy needless fear.

Thou see'st my weakness, Lord!
My heart is known to Thee!
Oh lift Thou up the sinking hand,
Confirm the feeble knee:
Let me, in life and death,
Thy stedfast truth declare;
And publish, with my latest breath,
Thy love and guardian care.

XI.

God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform: He plants his footsteps in the sea, And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sov'reign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take:
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercies, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense, But trust him for his grace: Behind a frowning providence He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour:
The bud may have a bitter tasta
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err, And scan his work in vain: God is his own interpreter, And He will make it plain.

XII.

God of my life, to Thee I call; Afflicted, at thy feet I fall: When the great water-floods prevail, Leave not my trembling heart to fail.

Friend of the friendless and the faint!
Where should I lodge my deep complaint?
Where but with Thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor?

Did ever mourner plead with Thee, And Thou refuse that mourner's plea? Does not the Word still fix'd remain, That none shall seek thy face in vain?

That were a grief I could not bear,
Didst Thou not hear and answer prayer;
But a prayer-hearing, answering God,
Supports me under every load.

Fair is the lot that's cast for me—
I have an Advocate with Thee:
They whom the world caresses most,
Have no such privilege to boast.

Poor though I am, despis'd, forgot, Yet God, my God, forgets me not; And HE is safe, and must succeed, For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

XIII.

Throw away thy rod,
Throw away thy wrath,
O my God!
Take the gentle path.

For my heart's desire
Unto thine is bent;
I aspire
To a full consent.

Not a word or look
I affect to own,
But by book,
And thy Book alone.

Though I fail, I weep; Though I halt in pace; Yet I creep To the throne of grace.

Then let wrath remove; Love will do the deed; For with love Strong hearts will bleed.

Love is swift of foot; Love's a man of war, And can shoot, And can hit from far.

Who can 'scape his bow?
That which wrought on Thee,
Brought Thee low,
Needs must work on me.

Throw away thy rod,
Though man frailties hath:
Thou art God!
Throw away thy wrath.

'Tis vain to flee; 'til gentle mercy show Her better eye, the further off we go, The swing of justice deals the mightier blow.

The ingenuous child, corrected, doth not fly His angry mother's hand, but clings more nigh, And quenches with his tears her flaming eye.

Great God! there is no safety here below, Thou art my fortress, thou that seem'st my foe, 'Tis thou, that strikest the stroke, must guard the blow.

XVI.

As, panting in the sultry beam, The hart desires the cooling stream, So to thy presence, Lord, I flee, So longs my soul, O God! for Thee; Athirst to taste Thy living grace, And see thy glory face to face.

But rising griefs distress my soul, And tears on tears successive roll: For many an evil voice is near, To chide my woe, and mock my fear; And silent memory weeps alone, O'er hours of peace and gladness flown. For I have walked the happy round That circles Zion's holy ground, And gladly swelled the choral lays That hymned my great Redeemer's praise, What time the hallowed arch along Responsive swelled the solemn song.

Ah! why, by passing clouds opprest, Should vexing thoughts distract my breast Turn, turn to Him, in every pain, Whom never suppliant sought in vain; Thy strength, in joy's ecstatic day, Thy hope, when joy has past away.

XVII.

Faith, like a simple, unsuspecting child, Serenely resting on its mother's arm, Reposing every care upon her God, Sleeps on his bosom, and expects no harm:

Receives with joy the promises he makes,

Nor questions of his purpose or his power;

She does not doubting ask, "Can this be so?"

The Lord has said it, and there needs no mo

However deep be the mysterious word, However dark, she disbelieves it not; Where Reason would examine, Faith obeys, And "It is written," answers every doubt.

In vain, with rude and overwhelming force, Conscience repeats her tale of misery; And powers infernal, wakeful to destroy, Urge the worn spirit to despair and die.

As evening's pale and solitary star
But brightens while the darkness gathers round;
So Faith, unmoved amidst surrounding storms,
Is fairest seen in darkness most profound.

XVIII.

FATHER! whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies;
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:

Give me a calm, a thankful heart, From every murmur free; The blessings of thy grace impart, And let me live to Thee; Let the sweet hope that thou art mine,
My life and death attend,
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

XIX.

God is our refuge in distress,

A present help when dangers press;
In him undaunted we'll confide:
Though earth were from her centre tossed,
And mountains in the ocean lost,
Torn piecemeal by the roaring tide.

A gentle stream, with gladness still
The city of our Lord shall fill,
The royal seat of God most high:
God dwells in Sion, whose fair towers
Shall mock th' assaults of earthly powers,
While his almighty aid is nigh.

In tumults when the heathen raged,
And kingdoms war against us waged,
He thundered and dispersed their powers:
The Lord of Hosts conducts our arms,
Our tower of refuge in alarms,
Our fathers' guardian God and ours.

Come, see the wonders He hath wrought,
On earth what desolation brought;
How He has calmed the jarring world:
He broke the warlike spear and bow;
With them the thundering chariots too
Into devouring flames were hurled.

Submit to God's almighty sway,
For Him the heathen shall obey,
And earth her sovereign Lord confess
The God of Hosts conducts our arms,
Our tower of refuge in alarms,
As to our fathers in distress.

XX.

THERE'S not a bird with lonely nest In pathless wood or mountain crest, Nor meaner thing, which does not share, O God, in thy paternal care.

Each barren crag, each desert rude, Holds Thee within its solitude; And Thou dost bless the wand'rer there, Who makes his solitary prayer. In busy mart and crowded street, No less than in the still retreat, Thou, Lord, art near, our souls to bless With all a parent's tenderness.

And every moment still shall bring Thy blessings on its loaded wing: Widely they spread through earth and sky, And last to all eternity.

Through all creation let thy Name Be echo'd with a glad acclaim; That, let the grateful Churches sing; With that, let Heaven for ever ring.

And we, where'er our lot is cast, While life, and thought, and feeling last, Through all our years, in every place, Will bless Thee for thy boundless grace.

XXI.

WAIT! O my soul, thy Maker's will; Tumultuous passions, all be still! Nor let a murmuring thought arise; His ways are just, his counsels wise. He in the thickest darkness dwells, Performs His work,—the cause conceals! But though His methods are unknown, Judgment and truth support His throne.

Wait! then, my soul, submissive wait, Prostrate before His awful seat; And, midst the terrors of His rod, Trust in a wise and gracious God.

XXII.

In every object here I see
Something, O Lord, that leads to Thee:
Firm as the rocks Thy promise stands;
Thy mercies, countless as the sands;
Thy love, a sea immensely wide;
Thy grace, an ever-flowing tide.

In every object here I see
Something, my heart, that points at thee:
Hard as the rocks that bound the strand,
Unfruitful as the barren sand,
Deep and deceitful as the ocean,
And, like the tides, in constant motion.

XXIII.

THERE is a safe and secret place
Beneath the wings divine,
Reserved for all the heirs of grace;
O be that refuge mine!

The least and feeblest there may bide Uninjured and unawed; While thousands fall on every side, He rests secure in God.

The angels watch him on his way, And aid with friendly arm; And Satan, roaring for his prey, May hate, but cannot harm.

He feeds in pastures large and fair, Of truth and love divine: O child of God, O glory's heir, How rich a lot is thine!

A hand almighty to defend,
An ear for every call,
An honoured life, a peaceful end,
And heaven to crown it all!

XXIV.

On! God unseen, but not unknown,

Thine eye is ever fixed on me;

I dwell beneath thy secret throne,

Encompassed by thy Deity.

Throughout this universe of space
To nothing am I long allied,
For flight of time, and change of place;
My strongest, dearest bonds divide.

Parents I had, but where are they?
Friends whom I knew, I know no more;
Companions once that cheered my way
Have dropt behind or gone before.

Now I am one amidst the crowd Of life and action hurrying round; Now left alone—for like a cloud They came, they went, and are not found.

Even from myself sometimes I part, Unconscious sleep is nightly death; Yet surely by my bed thou art, To prompt my pulse, inspire my breath. Of all that I have done or said

How little can I now recal!

Forgotten things to me are dead;

With thee they live, thou knowest them all.

Thou hast been with me from the womb, Witness to every conflict here;

Nor wilt thou leave me at the tomb,

Before thy bar I must appear.

The moment comes, when strength must fail,
When health, and hope, and comfort flown,
I must go down into the vale
And shade of death, with thee alone.

Alone with thee;—in that dread strife, Uphold me through mine agony, And gently be this dying life Exchanged for immortality.

Then, when the unbodied spirit lands
Where flesh and blood have never trod,
And in the unveiled presence stands
Of Thee, my Saviour, and my God;—

Be mine eternal portion this,
Since Thou wert always here with me,
That I may view thy face in bliss,
And be for evermore with Thee.

XXV.

O, Thou great power! in whom I move,
By whom I live, to whom I die,
Behold me through thy beams of love,
Whilst on this couch of tears I lie,
And cleanse my sordid soul within
By thy Christ's blood, the bath for sin.

No hallowed oils, no gums I need,
No rags of saints, no purging fire;
One rosy drop from David's seed,
Was worlds of seas to quench thine ire;
Oh, precious ransom! which once paid,
That consummatum est was said;

And said by Him, that said no more,
But sealed it with His sacred breath:
Thou then, that has dispunged my score,
And, dying, wert the death of death,
Be to me now—on Thee I call—
My life, my strength, my joy, my all!

XXVI.

To Sion's hill I lift my eyes,
From thence expecting aid:
From Sion's hill, and Sion's God,
Who heaven and earth has made.

Then thou, my soul, in safety rest,
Thy guardian will not sleep:
His watchful care that Israel guards,
Will Israel's monarch keep.

Sheltered beneath the Almighty's wings
Thou shalt securely rest,
Where neither sun nor moon shall thee
By day or night molest.

At home, abroad, in peace, in war,
Thy God shall thee defend;
Conduct thee through life's pilgrimage
Safe to thy journey's end.

XXVII.

O Gon! our help in ages past, Our hope for years to come, Our shelter from the stormy blast, And our eternal home.

Under the shadow of thy throne, Thy saints have dwelt secure; Sufficient is thine arm alone, And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood, Or earth received her frame; From everlasting thou art God, To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.

The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their lives and cares,
Are carried downwards by the flood,
And lost in following years.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream Bears all its sons away; They fly, forgotten, as a dream, Dies at the opening day.

Like flowery fields the nations stand,
Pleased with the morning light;
The flowers beneath the mower's hand
Lie withering ere 'tis night.

O God! our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard whilst life shall last,
And our eternal home.

XXVIII.

When Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out from the land of bondage came,
Her father's God before her moved,
An awful guide, in smoke and flame.
By day, along the astonished lands
The cloudy pillar glided slow;
By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands
Returned the fiery column's glow.

There rose the choral hymn of praise,
And trump and timbrel answered keen,
And Zion's daughters poured their lays,
With priest's and warrior's voice between.
No portents now our foes amaze,
Forsaken Israel wanders lone:
Our fathers would not know thy ways,
And thou hast left them to their own.

But, present still, though now unseen!
When brightly shines the prosperous day,
Be thoughts of THEE a cloudy screen
To temper the deceitful ray.
And, oh, when stoops on Judah's path
In shade and storm the frequent night,
Be THOU, long-suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light!

Our harps we left by Babel's streams,
The tyrant's jest, the Gentile's scorn;
No censer round our altar beams,
And mute our timbrel, trump, and horn.
But THOU hast said, the blood of goat,
The flesh of rams, I will not prize;
A contrite heart, an humble thought,
Are mine accepted sacrifice.

XXIX.

O, WHERE shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul?

'Twere vain the ocean-depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole:
The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;

'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

Beyond this vale of tears,
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years;
And all that life is love:—
There is a death, whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath;
O what eternal horrors hang
Around 'the second death!'

Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be banished from thy face,
And evermore undone.
Here would we end our quest;
Alone are found in Thee
The life of perfect love,—the rest
Of immortality.

XXX.

God is my strong salvation,
What foe have I to fear?
In darkness and temptation,
My light, my help is near;
Though hosts encamp around me,
Firm to the fight I stand:
What terror can confound me,
With God at my right hand?

Place on the Lord reliance,
My soul with courage wait;
His truth be thine affiance
When faint and desolate:
His might thine heart shall strengthen,
His love thy joy increase;
Mercy thy days shall lengthen,
"The Lord will give thee peace."

XXXI.

THE world with stones, instead of bread,
Our hungry souls has often fed;
It promised health,—in one short hour
Perished the fair but fragile flower;
It promised riches,—in a day
They made them wings and fled away;
It promised friends,—all sought their own,
And left my widowed heart alone.

Lord! with the barren service spent,
To Thee my suppliant knee I bent;
And found in Thee a Father's grace,
His hand, his heart, his faithfulness;
The voice of peace, the smile of love,
The bread which feeds the saints above;
And tasted in this world of woe,
A joy its children never know.

XXXII.

God liveth ever!

Wherefore, Soul, despair thou never!
Our God is good, in every place
His love is known, His help is found;
His mighty arm, and tender grace,
Bring good from ills that hem us round.
Easier than we think can He
Turn to joy our agony;
Soul, remember 'mid thy pains
God o'er all for ever reigns.

God liveth ever!

Wherefore, Soul, despair thou never!
Say, shall He slumber, shall He sleep,
Who gave the eye its power to see?
Shall He not hear His children weep
Who made the ear so wondrously?
God is God; He sees and hears
All their troubles, all their tears:
Soul, forget not 'mid thy pains
God o'er all for ever reigns.

God liveth ever!

Wherefore, Soul, despair thou never!

He who can earth and heaven control,

Who spreads the clouds o'er sea and land;

Whose presence fills the mighty whole;

In each true heart is close at hand.

Love Him; He will surely send

Help and joy that never end.

Soul, remember in thy pains

God o'er all for ever reigns.

God liveth ever!

Wherefore, Soul, despair thou never!
Scarce canst thou bear thy cross? Then fly
To Him, where only rest is sweet:
Thy God is great, His mercy nigh,
His strength upholds the tottering feet.
Trust Him, for His grace is sure,
Ever doth His truth endure;
Soul, forget not in thy pains
God o'er all for ever reigns.

God liveth ever!

Wherefore, Soul, despair thou never!

When sins and follies, long forgot,

Upon thy tortured conscience prey,

Oh, come to God, and fear Him not,

His love shall sweep them all away;

Pains of hell, at look of His, Change to calm content and bliss. Soul, remember in thy pains God o'er all for ever reigns.

God liveth ever!

Wherefore, Soul, despair thou never!
Those whom the thoughtless world forsakes,
Who stand bewildered with their woe,
God gently to His bosom takes,

And bids them all His fullness know.

In thy sorrows' swelling flood Own His hand, who seeks thy good. Soul, forget not in thy pains God o'er all for ever reigns.

God liveth ever!

Wherefore, Soul, despair thou never! Let earth and heaven, outworn with age, Sink to the chaos whence they came; Let angry foes against us rage;

Let hell shoot forth his fiercest flame.
Fear not death, nor Satan's threats,
God defends who in Him trusts.
Soul, remember in thy pains
God o'er all for ever reigns.

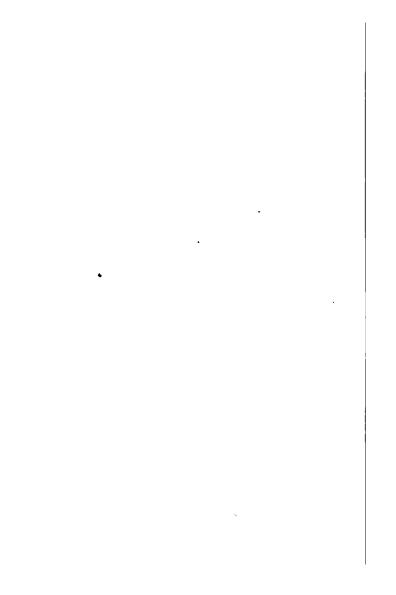
God liveth ever!

Wherefore, Soul, despair thou never!
What though thou tread, with bleeding feet,
A thorny path of grief and gloom;
Thy God will choose the way most meet
To lead thee heavenwards, lead thee home;
For life's long night of sadness,
He will give thee peace and gladness.
Soul, remember in thy pains
God o'er all for ever reigns.



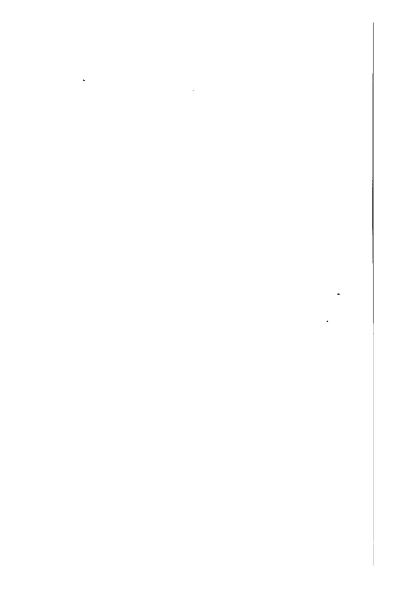
III.

ON THE SUFFERINGS OF CHRIST.



III.

ON THE SUFFERINGS OF CHRIST.



XXXIII.

Bound upon th' accursed tree,
Faint and bleeding, who is He?
By the eyes so pale and dim,
Streaming blood, and writhing limb,
By the flesh with scourges torn,
By the crown of twisted thorn,
By the side so deeply pierced,
By the baffled burning thirst,
By the drooping death-dewed brow,
Son of Man! 'tis Thou! 'tis Thou!

Bound upon th' accursed tree, Dread and awful, who is He? By the sun at noon-day pale, Shivering rocks, and rending veil, By earth that trembles at His doom, By yonder saints who burst their tomb, By Eden, promised ere He died To the felon at His side; Lord! our suppliant knees we bow, Son of God! 'tis Thou! 'tis Thou!

Bound upon th' accursed tree, Sad and dying, who is He? By the last and bitter cry, The ghost given up in agony; By the lifeless body laid In the chamber of the dead; By the mourners come to weep Where the bones of Jesus sleep; Crucified! we know Thee now; Son of Man! 'tis Thou! 'tis Thou!

Bound upon th' accursed tree,
Dread and awful, who is He?
By the prayer for them that slew,
'Lord! they know not what they do!'
By the spoiled and empty grave,
By the souls he died to save,
By the conquest he hath won,
By the saints before his throne,
By the rainbow round his brow,
Son of God! 'tis Thou! 'tis Thou!

XXXIV.

Full of trembling expectation,
Feeling much and fearing more,
Mighty God of my salvation,
I thy timely aid implore.
Suff'ring Son of Man! be near me,
All my suff'rings to sustain;
By thy sorer griefs to cheer me,
By thy more than mortal pain.

Call to mind that unknown anguish,
In thy days of flesh below;
When thy troubled soul did languish,
Under a whole world of woe;
When thou did'st our curse inherit,
Groan beneath our guilty load,
Burden'd with a wounded spirit,
Bruis'd by all the wrath of God.

By thy most severe temptation
In that dark satanic hour,
By thy last mysterious passion,
Screen me from the Tempter's power.
By thy fainting in the garden,
By thy bloody sweat I pray,
Write upon my heart the pardon,
Take my sins and fears away.

By the travail of thy spirit,
By thine outcry on the tree,
By thine agonizing merit,
In my griefs, remember me!
By thy death I thee conjuring,
Now my sinking soul befriend,
Make me patient and enduring,
Make me faithful to the end.

XXXV.

SAVIOUR! when in dust to thee Low we bow th' adoring knee, When, repentant, to the skies Scarce we lift our streaming eyes,—Oh! by all the pains and woe, Suffered once for man below, Bending from thy throne on high, Hear our solemn litany!

By thy helpless infant years,
By thy life of wants and tears,
By thy days of sore distress
In the savage wilderness,—
By the dread, permitted hour
Of th' insulting Tempter's power,—
Turn, O turn a pitying eye,
Hear our solemn litany!

By the sacred griefs that wept,
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept,—
By the boding tears that flowed
Over Salem's loved abode,—
By the anguished tear that told
Treachery lurked within thy fold,—
From thy seat above the sky,
Hear our solemn litany!

By thine hour of dire despair,
By thine agony of prayer,—
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn,
By the gloom that veiled the skies
O'er the dreadful sacrifice,
Listen to our humble cry,
Hear our solemn litany!

By the deep expiring groan,
By the sad sepulchral stone,
By the vault whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God,—
Oh! from earth to heaven restored,
Mighty re-ascended Lord,
Listen, listen to the cry
Of our solemn litany!

XXXVI.

WHEN ON Sinai's top I see God descend in majesty, To proclaim his Holy Law, All my spirit sinks with awe.

When, in ecstacy sublime, Tabor's glorious steep I climb, At the too-transporting light, Darkness rushes o'er my sight.

When on Calvary I rest, God, in flesh made manifest, Shines, in my Redeemer's face, Full of beauty, truth, and grace.

Here I would for ever stay, Weep and gaze my soul away: Thou art heaven on earth to me, Lovely, mournful Calvary!

XXXVII.

DID Christ o'er sinners weep?
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

The Son of God in tears!
Angels with wonder see!
Be thou astonished, O my soul!
He shed those tears for thee.

He wept that we might weep, Each sin demands a tear; In heaven alone no sin is found, And there's no weeping there.

XXXVIII.

For thou didst die for me, oh, Son of God!

By thee the throbbing flesh of man was worn;

Thy naked feet the thorns of sorrow trod,

And tempests beat thy houseless head forlorn.

Thou, that wert wont to stand

Alone, on God's right hand,

Before the ages were, the Eternal, eldest born.

Thy birthright in the world was pain and grief,
Thy love's return ingratitude and hate;
The limbs thou healedst brought thee no relief,
The eyes thou openedst calmly viewed thy fate:
Thou, that wert wont to dwell
In peace, tongue cannot tell,
Nor heart conceive, the bliss of thy celestial state.

They dragged thee to the Roman's solemn hall,
Where the proud judge in purple splendour sate;
Thou stoodst a meek and patient criminal,
Thy doom of death from human lips to wait;
Whose throne shall be the world
In final ruin hurled,
With all mankind to hear their everlasting fate.

Thou wert alone in that fierce multitude,
When "Crucify him!" yelled the general shout;
No hand to guard thee mid those insults rude,
Nor lip to bless in all that frantic rout;
Whose lightest whispered word
The Seraphim hath heard,
And adamantine arms from all the heavens broke out

'hey bound thy temples with the twisted thorn,
Thy bruised feet went languid on with pain;
'he blood, from all thy flesh with scourges torn,
Deepened thy robe of mockery's crimson grain;
Whose native vesture bright
Was the unapproached light,
'he sandal of whose foot the rapid hurricane.

They smote thy cheek with many a ruthless palm,
With the cold spear thy shuddering side they pierced;
The draught of bitterest gall was all the balm
They gave, t'enhance thy unslaked, burning thirst:
Thou, at whose words of peace
Did pain and anguish cease,
And the long buried dead their bonds of slumber burst.

ow bowed thy head convulsed, and, drooped in death,
Thy voice sent forth a sad and wailing cry;
low struggled from thy breast the parting breath,
And every limb was wrung with agony.
That head, whose veilless blaze
Filled angels with amaze,
When at that voice sprang forth the rolling suns on high,

And thou wert laid within the narrow tomb, [bound; Thy clay-cold limbs with shrouding grave-clothes The sealed stone confirmed thy mortal doom,

Lone watchmen walked thy desert burial-ground,

Whom heaven could not contain,

Nor th' immeasurable plain

Of vast Infinity inclose or circle round.

For us, for us, thou didst endure the pain,
And thy meek spirit bowed itself to shame,
To wash our souls from sin's infecting stain,
T' avert the Father's wrathful vengeance flame:
Thou, that couldst nothing win
By saving worlds from sin,
Nor aught of glory add to thy all-glorious name.

XXXIX.

Sweet the moments, rich in blessing, Which before the cross I spend; Life, and health, and peace possessing From the sinner's dying friend. Here I'll sit for ever viewing Mercy's streams in streams of blood, Precious drops, my soul bedewing, Plead and claim my peace with God.

Love and grief my heart dividing, Gazing here I 'd spend my breath; Constant still in faith abiding, Life deriving from his death:

Lord, in ceaseless contemplation, Fix my heart and eyes on thine, Till I taste Thy whole salvation, Where unveiled Thy glories shine!

XL.

If human kindness meets return,
And owns the grateful tie;
If tender thoughts within us burn,
To feel a friend is nigh:

Oh! shall not warmer accents tell
The gratitude we owe
To Him who died, our fears to quell,
Our more than orphan's woe?

While yet his anguished soul surveyed
Those pangs he would not flee;
What love his latest words displayed,
"Meet and remember me!"

Remember Thee! thy death, thy shame, Our sinful hearts to share! O memory, leave no other name But His, recorded there!

XLI.

Angels come, on joyous pinion,
Down the Heaven's melodious stair;
Triumphing o'er death's dominion,
Up to this our lower air,
Christ is rising,
And doth burst the sepulchre.

All in vain the posted station
Of the armed soldiery,—
All in vain the faithless nation
Sets the seal and watches nigh;
Ye need not fear,
None shall reach where He doth lie.

He Himself, from sleep awaking,
Who spontaneous bears the gloom,
Through your seals, and without breaking,
Shall come forth and leave the tomb;
Death cannot hold
Him born of a virgin's womb.

When His heart stern death was rending,
They cried out, "Thy death-bed leave,
And from off Thy cross descending,
We will upon Thee believe."
To death resigned,
He would suffer no reprieve.

No, He hath not thence descended,
Or ye would for ever grieve,
But from death He hath ascended,
Will ye not in Him believe?
'Tis He alone
Can your chains of death relieve.

Lord, with Thee in daily dying
May we die, and with Thee rise;
And on earth ourselves denying,
Have our hearts within the skies,
To sing our God,
Three in One, sole good and wise.

XLII.

Go to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the Tempter's power,
Your Redeemer's conflict see,
Watch with him one bitter hour;
Turn not from his griefs away,
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

Follow to the judgment-hall,
View the Lord of Life arraigned;
O the wormwood and the gall!
O the pangs His soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame or loss;
Learn of Him to bear the cross.

Calvary's mournful mountain climb,
There adoring at His feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete:
"It is finished!"—hear the cry;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

Early hasten to the tomb,
Where they laid His breathless clay.
All is solitude and gloom!
Who hath taken Him away?
Christ is risen!—He meets our eyes.
Saviour, teach us so to rise.

XLIII.

My soul amid this stormy world
Is like some fluttered dove,
And fain would be as swift of wing,
To flee to Him I love.

The cords that bound my heart to earth
Are broken by his hand:
Before His cross I found myself,
A stranger in the land.

That visage marr'd, those sorrows deep,
The vinegar and gall,
Were Jesus' golden chains of love,
His captive to enthrall!

My heart is with Him on His throne, And ill can brook delay; Each moment list'ning for the voice,— "Rise up, and come away."

With hope deferr'd, oft sick and faint,
"Why tarries'He?" I cry;
And should my Saviour chide my haste,
Sure I could make reply,—

"May not an exile, Lord, desire
His own sweet land to see?
May not a captive seek release,—
A pris'ner to be free?"

A child, when far away, may long For home and kindred dear; And she that waits her absent lord May sigh till he appear.

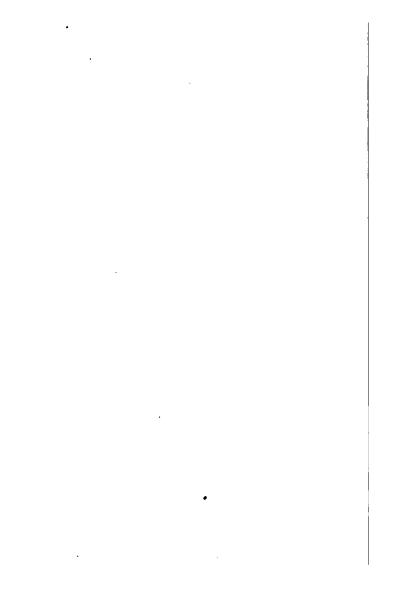
I would, my Lord and Saviour, know, That which no measure knows; Would search the mystery of Thy love, The depth of all Thy woes.

XLIV.

'Tis finished,—every circumstance fulfilled;
The conflict o'er, the sacrifice complete.
So He laid down His life, and went to meet
Death in his own domain:—not till He willed,
Yielding His breath; self-offered, but not killed.
That voice of power, it spoke of hell's defeat;
It rent the veil before the mercy-seat;
Through the dark regions of the dead it thrilled:
Earth trembled, and the solid rocks were rent;
The grave its victor, its invader, knew.
No need of costly balms, with fond intent,
That which saw no corruption to imbue.—
Go, seal the stone, and all approach prevent.—
He burst the bands of death, and heaven's gate open threw.

IV.

CHRIST THE STRENGTH AND CONFIDENCE OF HIS PEOPLE.



XLV.

BESET with snares on every hand, In life's uncertain path I stand; Saviour divine, diffuse thy light, To guide my doubtful footsteps right.

O may this roving treacherous heart, Like Mary, choose the better part, And scorn the trifles of a day, For joys that none can take away!

Then let the wildest storms arise, Let tempests mingle earth and skies, No fatal shipwreck shall I fear, But all my treasures with me bear.

If Thou, my Jesus, still be nigh, Cheerful I live and joyful die; Secure, when mortal comforts flee, To find ten thousand worlds in Thee.

XLVI.

The silent joy, that sinks so deep, Of confidence and rest, Lulled in a father's arms to sleep, Clasped to a mother's breast!

Who but a Christian, through all life,
That blessing may prolong?
Who, through the world's sad day of strife,
Still chant his morning song?

Fathers may hate us or forsake, God's foundlings then are we; Mother on child no pity take, But we shall still have thee.

We may look home, and seek in vain
A fond fraternal heart;
But Christ hath given his promise plain
To do a brother's part.

XLVII.

ROCK of ages, rent for me!
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power!

Not the labour of my hands Can fulfil Thy law's demands; Could my zeal no respite know, Could my tears for ever flow, All for sin could not atone: Thou must save, and Thou alone!

Nothing in my hand I bring, Simply to Thy cross I cling; Naked, come to 'Thee for dress; Helpless, look to Thee for grace; Vile, I to the fountain fly; Wash me, Saviour, or I die. While I draw this fleeting breath, When my eyelids close in death, When I soar to worlds unknown, See Thee on Thy judgment-throne, Rock of ages, rent for me, Let me hide myself in Thee!

XLVIII.

PLEAD Thou—oh, plead my cause! Each self-excusing plea
My trembling soul withdraws,
And flies to Thee.
Where Justice rears her throne,
Ah! who, save thee alone,
May stand, O spotless One?—
Plead thou my cause!

Ah! plead not ought of mine,
Before thine altar thrown:
Fragments—when all is thine—
All—all thine own!
Thou seest what stains they bear:
Oh! since each tear, each prayer,
Hath need of pardon there,
Plead thou my cause!

With lips that, dying, breathed
Blessings for words of scorn;
With brow where I had wreathed
The piercing thorn;
With breast to whose pure tide
He did the weapon guide,
Who hath no home beside,
Plead thou my cause!

Plead—when the Tempter's art,
To each fond hope of mine,
Denies this faithless heart
Can e'er be thine.
If slander whisper, too,
The sin I never knew,
Thou, who couldst urge the true,
Plead thou my cause!

Oh! plead my cause above:
Plead Thine within my breast,
Till there Thy peaceful Dove
Shall build her nest.
Thou know'st this will—how frail:
Thou know'st—though language fail—
My soul's mysterious tale:—
Plead thou my cause!

XLIX.

How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.
It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast:
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And, to the weary, rest.

Dear Name! the Rock on which I build,
My Shield and Hiding-place;
My never-failing Treasury, fill'd
With boundless stores of grace.
Jesus! my Shepherd, Husband, Friend!
My Prophet, Priest, and King!
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End!
Accept the praise I bring!

Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But, when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.
Till then I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath:
And may the music of thy Name
Refresh my soul in death!

L.

O DRAW me, Saviour, after Thee, So shall I run, and never tire; With gracious words still comfort me; Be Thou my hope, my sole desire; Free me from every weight: nor fear Nor sin can come, if Thou art here.

What in thy love possess I not?

My star by night, my sun by day,

My spring of life when parched by drought,

My wine to cheer, my bread to stay,

My strength, my shield, my safe abode,

My robe before the throne of God.

From all eternity, with love
Unchangeable, Thou hast me viewed;
Ere knew this beating heart to move,
Thy tender mercies me pursued:
Ever with me may they abide,
And close me in on every side.

In suffering be thy love my peace,
In weakness be thy love my power:
And when the storms of life shall cease,
Jesus, in that important hour,
In death, as life, be thou my guide,
And save me, who for me hast died.

LI.

JESUS, refuge of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the raging billows roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past,
Safe into the haven guide,
Then receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:—
All my trust on thee is staid,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head,
With the shadow of thy wing.

Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to pardon all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within:
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

LII.

'TIS my happiness below
Not to live without the cross;
But the Saviour's power to know,
Sanctifying every loss:
Trials must and will befal;
But with humble faith to see
Love inscrib'd upon them all,
This is happiness to me.

God, in Israel, sows the seeds
Of affliction, pain, and toil:
These spring up, and choke the weeds,
Which would else o'erspread the soil:
Trials make the promise sweet,
Trials give new life to prayer;
Trials bring me to His feet,
Lay me low, and keep me there.

LIII.

JESUS, before thy face I fall, My Lord, my life, my hope, my all! For I have nowhere else to flee, No sanctuary, Lord, but thee.

In thee I every glory view,
Of safety, strength, and beauty too;
Beloved Saviour, ever be
A sanctuary unto me.

Whatever woes and fears betide, In thy dear bosom let me hide; And, while I pour my soul to thee, Do thou my sanctuary be.

Through life and all its changing scenes, And all the grief that intervenes, 'Tis this supports my fainting heart, That thou my sanctuary art.

Apace the solemn hour draws nigh, When I must bow my head and die; But, Oh! what joy this witness gives, Jesus, my sanctuary, lives! He from the grave my dust will raise, I in the heavens shall sing his praise; And when in glory I appear, He'll be my sanctuary there.

LIV.

For ever here my rest shall be, Close to thy bleeding side;
This all my hope, and all my plea,
For me the Saviour died!

My dying Saviour and my God!
Fountain for guilt and sin!
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanse, and keep me clean.

Wash me, and make me thus thine own!
Wash me, and mine Thou art!
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart.

Th' atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

LV.

HARK, my soul! it is the Lord,
'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee:
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?

I delivered thee when bound, And, when wounded, heal'd thy wound; Sought thee wandering, set thee right, Turned thy darkness into light.

Mine is an unchanging love, Higher than the heights above; Deeper than the depths beneath; Free and faithful, strong as death.

Thou shalt see my glory soon, When the work of grace is done; Partner of my throne shall be: Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?

Lord, it is my chief complaint, That my love is weak and faint; Yet I love thee, and adore, Oh, for grace to love thee more!

LVI.

I will take refuge in my God,
From man, and sin, and woe;
Fain would I drop this mortal clod,
To know as angels know,
And love as angels love,
And be as angels pure;
It is all light, pure light above—
Bliss unalloyed and sure.

But shall I shun the sacred fight,
Which good maintains with ill?
No! strong in my Redeemer's might,
Be mine to wrestle still.
Here only, in this strife,
Can I His soldier be;
Here only spend or lose a life
For Him who died for me.

Nor would I too impatient pry
The awful veil within,
Or scan th' appalling mystery
Of God-resisting sin.
Oh, let me be content,
For Heaven's own light to stay!
The night, the night, is well-nigh spent—
Ere long it will be day.

LVII.

THE billows swell, the winds are high, Clouds overcast my wintry sky; Out of the depths to Thee I call; My fears are great, my strength is small.

O Lord, the pilot's part perform, And guide and guard me through the storm: Defend me from each threat'ning ill: Control the waves; say, "Peace, be still!"

Amidst the roaring of the sea, My soul still hangs her hope on Thee: Thy constant love, thy faithful care, Is all that saves me from despair.

Dangers of every shape and name Attend the followers of the Lamb; Who leave the world's deceitful shore, And leave it to return no more.

Though tempest-toss'd and half a wreck, My Saviour through the floods I seek: Let neither winds nor stormy main Force back my shatter'd bark again.

LVIII.

When darkness long has veil'd my mind, And smiling day once more appears, Then, my Redeemer, then I find The follies of my doubts and fears.

Straight I upbraid my wand'ring heart;
And blush that I should ever be
Thus prone to act so base a part,
Or harbour one hard thought of Thee.

Oh let me then, at length, be taught
What I am still so slow to learn—
That God is love, and changes not,
Nor knows the shadow of a turn.

Sweet truth, and easy to repeat!

But, when my faith is sharply tried,
I find myself a learner yet,
Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.

But, O my Lord, one look from Thee Subdues the disobedient will; Drives doubt and discontent away, And thy rebellious worm is still. Thou art more ready to forgive,

Than I am ready to repine:

Thou, therefore, all the praise receive;

Be shame and self-abhorrence mine.

LIX.

JUST as I am, without one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me, And that thou bid'st me come to thee, O! Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, and waiting not,
To rid my soul of one dark blot;
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O! Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, though tossed about, With many a conflict, many a doubt; With fears within, and wars without, O! Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind; Sight, riches, healing of the mind; Yea, all I need in thee to find; O! Lamb of God, I come! Just as I am, thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because thy promise I believe,
O! Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am;—thy love unknown Has broken every barrier down; Now to be thine, yea, thine alone, O! Lamb of God, I come!

LX.

When gath'ring clouds around I view, And days are dark, and friends are few, On Him I lean, who, not in vain, Experienc'd every human pain. He sees my griefs, allays my fears, And counts and treasures up my tears.

If aught should tempt my soul to stray From heavenly wisdom's narrow way, To fly the good I would pursue, Or do the thing I would not do, Still He, who felt temptation's power, Will guard me in that dangerous hour. If wounded love my bosom swell, Despis'd by those I priz'd too well, He shall his pitying aid bestow, Who felt on earth severer woe; At once betray'd, denied, or fled, By those who shar'd his daily bread.

When vexing thoughts within me rise And, sore dismay'd, my spirit dies, Yet He, who once vouchsaf'd to bear The anguish bord'ring on despair, Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry, The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

When mourning o'er some stone I bend, Which covers all that was a friend, And from his voice, his hand, his smile, Divides me for a little while; Thou, Saviour, mark'st the tears I shed, For thou did'st weep o'er Lazarus dead.

And, Oh! when I have safely past Through every conflict but the last, Still, still unchanging, watch beside My dying bed—for Thou hast died! Then point to realms of cloudless day, And wipe the latest tear away.

LXI.

That man no guard or weapon needs, Whose heart the grace of Jesus knows; But safe may pass, if duty leads, Through burning sands or mountain snows.

Releas'd from guilt, he feels no fear— Redemption is his shield and tower: He sees his Saviour always near, To help in every trying hour.

Though I am weak, and Satan strong, And often to assault me tries; When Jesus is my shield and song, Abash'd the wolf before me flies.

His love possessing, I am blest; Secure, whatever change may come: Whether I go to East or West, With Him I still shall be at home.

If placed beneath the northern pole, Though winter reigns with rigour there, His gracious beams would cheer my soul, And make a spring throughout the year: Or if the desert's sun-burnt soil
My lonely dwelling e'er should prove,
His presence would support my toil,
Whose smile is life, whose voice is love.

LXII.

Thou hidden Source of calm repose,
Thou all-sufficient Love Divine,
My help and refuge from my foes,
Secure I am, if Thou art mine!
And, lo! from sin, and grief, and shame,
I hide me, Jesus! in thy Name.

Jesus, my All in All thou art,
My rest in toil, my ease in pain;
The balm to heal my broken heart;
In storms my peace, in loss my gain;
My joy beneath the tyrant's frown,
In shame my glory and my crown—

In want, my plentiful supply;
In weakness, my almighty power;
In bonds, my perfect liberty;
My refuge in temptation's hour;
In grief, my joy unspeakable;
My Life in death; my All in All.

LXIII.

Though sorrows rise, and dangers roll
In waves of darkness o'er my soul,
Though friends are false and love decays,
And few and evil are my days,
Though conscience, fiercest of my foes,
Swells with remember'd guilt my woes,
Yet even in nature's utmost ill,
I love Thee, Lord! I love Thee still!

Though Sinai's curse, in thunder dread, Peals o'er mine unprotected head, And memory points, with busy pain, To grace and mercy given in vain, Till nature, shrinking in the strife, Would fly to hell to 'scape from life, Though every thought has power to kill, I love Thee, Lord! I love Thee still!

Oh, by the pangs thyself hast borne,
The ruffian's blow, the tyrant's scorn;
By Sinai's curse, whose dreadful doom
Was buried in thy guiltless tomb;
By these my pangs, whose healing smart
Thy grace hath planted in my heart—
I know, I feel, thy bounteous will,
Thou lov'st me, Lord! Thou lov'st me still!

LXIV.

WHEN in the hours of lonely woe
I give my sorrows leave to flow,
And anxious fear and dark distrust
Weigh down my spirit to the dust;
When not e'en friendship's gentle aid
Can heal the wounds the world has made;
Oh this shall check each rising sigh—
Thou, Saviour, art for ever nigh!

Jesus! in whom but Thee above
Can I repose my trust, my love?
And shall an earthly object be
Lov'd in comparison with Thee?
Thy counsels and upholding care
My safety and my comfort are:
Thou, Lord, shalt guide me all my days,
Till glory crown the work of grace.

My flesh is hast'ning to decay:
Soon shall the world have pass'd away;
And what can mortal friends avail,
When heart, and strength, and flesh shall fail!
But, Oh, be Thou, my Saviour, nigh,
And I will triumph while I die:
My Strength, my Portion, is divine,
And Jesus is for ever mine!

LXV.

WHEN, marshall'd on the nightly plain,
The glitt'ring host bestud the sky,
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wand'ring eye,
Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud—the night was dark—
The ocean yawn'd—and rudely blow'd
The wind which toss'd my found'ring bark:
Deep horror then my vitals froze;
Deep-struck, I ceas'd the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the Star of Bethlehem,

It was my guide, my light, my all,
It bade my dark foreboding cease;
And through the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.
Now safely. moor'd—my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever and for ever more,
The Star!—the Star of Bethlehem!

LXVI.

O THOU by long experience tried, Near whom no grief can long abide; My Lord, how full of sweet content I pass my years of banishment.

All scenes alike engaging prove To souls impress'd with sacred love! Where'er they dwell, they dwell in thee; In heaven, in earth, or on the sea.

To me remains nor place nor time, My country is in every clime: I can be calm and free from care On any shore, since God is there.

While place we seek, or place we shun, The soul finds happiness in none; But with my God to guide my way, ...'Tis equal joy to go or stay.

Could I be cast where thou art not, That were indeed a dreadful lot; But regions none remote I call, Secure of finding God in all.

LXVII.

AROUND Bethesda's healing wave,
Waiting to hear the rustling wing
Which spoke the angel nigh, who gave
Its virtues to that holy spring,—
With earnest, fixed solicitude,
Were seen the afflicted multitude.

Among them there was one, whose eye
Had often seen the waters stirred,
Whose heart had often heaved the sigh,
The bitter sigh of hope deferred;
Beholding, while he suffered on,
The healing virtue given,—and gone!

No power had he; no friendly aid
To him its timely succour brought,
But while his coming he delayed,
Another won the boon he sought;—
Until the Saviour's love was shown,
Which healed him by a word alone.

Had they who watched and waited there,
Been conscious who was passing by,
With what unceasing, anxious care
Would they have sought his pitying eye;
And craved, with fervency of soul,
His sovereign power, to make them whole.

But habit and tradition swayed
Their minds to trust to sense alone;
They only sought the angel's aid;
While in their presence stood, unknown,
A greater, mightier, far, than he,
With power from every pain to free.

Bethesda's pool has lost its power!

No angel, by his glad descent,
Dispenses that diviner dower

Which with its healing waters went:
But He, whose word surpass'd its wave,
Is still omnipotent to save.

LXVIII.

The golden palace of my God
Towering above the clouds I see:
Beyond the cherubs' bright abode,
Higher than angels' thoughts can be,
How can I in those courts appear
Without a wedding garment on?
Conduct me, thou Life-giver, there,
Conduct me to Thy glorious throne!
And clothe me with Thy robes of light,
And lead me through sin's darksome night,
My Saviour, and my God.

LXIX.

O Thou, to whose all-searching sight The darkness shineth as the light, Search, prove my heart, it pants for Thee; Oh, burst these bonds, and set it free!

Wash out its stains, refine its dross, Nail my affections to the Cross: Hallow each thought! let all within Be clean, as Thou, my Lord, art clean!

If in this darksome wild I stray, Be Thou my Light, be Thou my Way! No foes, no violence I fear, No fraud, while Thou, my God, art near.

When rising floods my soul o'erflow, When sinks my heart in waves of woe, Jesus, thy timely aid impart, And raise my head, and cheer my heart!

Saviour, where'er thy steps I see, Dauntless, untir'd, I follow Thee: Oh let thy hand support me still, And lead me to thy holy hill. If rough and thorny be the way, My strength proportion to my day; Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease, Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.

LXX.

O Love! thou bottomless abyss,
My sins are swallow'd up in thee!
Cover'd is my unrighteousness,
From condemnation I am free:
For Jesu's blood, through earth and skies,
"Mercy, free boundless mercy!" cries.

By faith I plunge me in that sea:
Here are my hope, my joy, my rest:
Hither, when hell assaults, I flee—
I look into my Saviour's breast:
Away, sad doubts and anxious fear,
"Mercy" is all that's written there!

Though waves and storms go o'er my head,
Though strength and health and friends be gone.
Though joys be wither'd all and dead,
Though every comfort be withdrawn—
Stedfast on this my soul relies,
Father—thy mercy never dies.



Fix'd on this ground would I remain,
Though my heart fail and flesh decay:
This anchor shall my soul sustain,
When earth's foundations melt away:
Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
Lov'd with an everlasting love.

LXXI.

Why should I fear the darkest hour, Or tremble at the Tempter's power? Jesus vouchsafes to be my tower.

Though hot the fight, why quit the field? Why must I either fly or yield, Since Jesus is my mighty shield?

When creature comforts fade and die, Worldlings may weep; but, why should I? Jesus still lives, and still is nigh.

Though all the flocks and herds were dead, My soul a famine need not dread, For Jesus is my living bread.

I know not what may soon betide, Or how my wants shall be supplied; But Jesus knows, and will provide. Though sin would fill me with distress, The throne of grace I dare address, For Jesus is my righteousness.

Though faint my prayers, and cold my love, My stedfast hope shall not remove, While Jesus intercedes above.

Against me earth and hell combine; But on my side is power divine;— Jesus is all, and He is mine.

LXXII.

GLORIOUS Shepherd of the sheep, May I dare to call me Thine, One whom Thou wilt tend and keep Safe beneath Thy wings divine? Ah! with Thee so kind and near, What have I to wish or fear?

Where the heavenly pastures grow, Where the living waters glide, Led and fed by Thee below, I have nought to ask beside; Nought but thankfulness of heart, To proclaim how good Thou art.

Keep me in Thy righteous ways; Guide me with Thy holy wand, Through this life's perplexing maze, Through the vale of death beyond; Gracious Thou, and happy I, With so great a Friend so nigh.

In the desert then I'm fed, .

Manna round me rains from high;
Holy oil anoints my head,
And my cruse is never dry;
Then from grace I pass to grace,
Soon to meet Thee face to face.

LXXIII.

Jesus, thy blood and righteousness, My beauty are, my glorious dress: 'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed, With joy shall I lift up my head. When from the dust of death I rise, To claim my mansion in the skies, E'en then shall this be all my plea—"Jesus hath lived, hath died for me." Bold shall I stand in that great day, For who aught to my charge shall lay? Fully through Thee absolved I am From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

Thus Abraham, the friend of God, Thus all the armies bought with blood, Saviour of sinners thee proclaim, Sinners, of whom the chief I am.

This spotless robe the same appears When ruined nature sinks in years; No age can change its glorious hue, The robe of Christ is ever new.

And when the dead shall hear Thy voice, Thy banished children shall rejoice; Their beauty this, their glorious dress, Jesus, the Lord our Righteousness!

LXXIV.

ABIDE with me! Fast falls the eventide; The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide! When other helpers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, O abide with me!

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away; Change and decay in all around I see; O Thou, who changest not, abide with me! Not a brief glance I beg; a passing word; But as Thou dwell'st with Thy disciples, Lord: Familiar, condescending, patient, free, Come, not to sojourn, but abide with me!

Come, not in terrors, as the King of kings; But kind, and good, with healing in Thy wings; Tears for all woes; a heart for every plea; Come, Friend of Sinners, and thus bide with me!

Thou on my head in early youth didst smile, And, though rebellious and perverse meanwhile, Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee: On to the close, O Lord, abide with me!

I need Thy presence every passing hour: What but Thy grace can foil the Tempter's power? Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be? Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me!

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless, Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness: Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory? I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

Hold then Thy cross before my closing eyes; Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies; Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee: In life and death, O Lord, abide with me!

LXXV.

JESUS!—and can it ever be—
A mortal man ashamed of Thee!
Scorn'd be the thought by rich and poor;
My soul shall scorn it more and more.

Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far May evening blush to own a star! Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon May midnight blush to think of noon.

Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may When I've no sins to wash away, No tears to wipe, no joys to crave, And no immortal soul to save.

Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend On whom my hopes of heaven depend; No! when I blush, be this my shame, That I no more revere his Name.

Till then—nor is the boasting vain— Till then, I boast a Saviour slain. And, Oh! may this my portion be, That Saviour's not ashamed of me!

LXXVI.

Nor seldom, clad in radiant vest, Deceitfully goes forth the morn; Not seldom, evening in the west Sinks smilingly forsworn.

The smoothest seas will sometimes prove,
To the confiding bark untrue;
And if she trust the stars above,
They can be treacherous too.

The umbrageous oak, in pomp outspread, Full oft, when storms the welkin rend, Draws lightning down upon the head It promised to defend.

But Thou art true, incarnate Lord,
Who didst vouchsafe for man to die;
Thy smile is sure, Thy plighted word
No change can falsify.

I bent before Thy gracious throne,
And asked for peace, with suppliant knee;
And peace was given,—nor peace alone,
But faith, and hope, and ecstacy.

LXXVII.

Even as the needle, that directs the hour,
Touch'd with the loadstone, by the secret power
Of hidden nature, points upon the Pole;
Even so the wavering powers of my soul,
Touched by the virtue of Thy Spirit, flee
From what is earth, and point alone to Thee;
When I have faith to hold Thee by the hand,
I walk securely, and methinks I stand
More firm than Atlas; but when I forsake
The safe protection of Thine arm, I quake
Like wind-shaked reeds, and have no strength at all:
But like a vine, the prop cut down, I fall.

LXXVIII.

O CHRIST, our hope, our hearts' desire, Redemption's only spring; Creator of the world art Thou, Its Saviour and its King.

How vast the mercy and the love Which laid our sins on Thee, And led Thee to a cruel death, To set Thy people free! But now the bonds of death are burst, The ransom hath been paid; And Thou art on thy Father's throne, In glorious robes array'd.

O Christ, be Thou our present joy, Our future great reward; Our only glory may it be To glory in the Lord.

LXXIX.

O LORD! munificent, benign,
How many mercies have been mine,
Since last I met with Thee,
In that blest ordinance of Thine,
The holy feast of Bread and Wine,
Which was enjoyed by me!

How many days, in goodness sent,

Have been in sickening sadness spent!

How many nights have come,

Which promised rest and sweet content,

Yet left behind them when they went

Distress and grief and gloom!

How many purposes have failed!
How many doubts my heart assailed,
And held my spirit fast!
How many sins have been bewailed!
How many follies have prevailed
Since I confessed the last!

But still to Thee my spirit springs,
And underneath Thy sheltering wings
A safe asylum seeks:
For this memorial sweetly brings
Remembrance of Thy sufferings,
And all Thy kindness speaks.

And, like a little child, I lay
My spirit at thy feet, and say,
"Lord, take it—it is thine;
Teach it to trust, to fear, to pray;
Feed it with love by night and day,
And let Thy will be mine."

LXXX.

Thou art the Way—to Thee alone From sin and death we flee; And he who would the Father seek, Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee. Thou art the Truth,—thy word alone True wisdom can impart; Thou only canst inform the mind, And purify the heart.

Thou art the Life,—the rending tomb Proclaims Thy conquering arm; And they who put their trust in Thee, Nor death nor hell can harm.

Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life,—Grant us that way to know,

That truth to keep, that life to win,

Whose joys eternal flow.

LXXXI.

Oн, cling not, trembler, to life's fragile bark:
It fills—it soon must sink:
Look not below, where all is chill and dark;
'Tis angony to think

Of that wild waste; but look, oh! look above, And see the outstretched arm of Love.

Cling not to this poor life; unlock thy clasp Of fleeting, vapoury air.

The world receding, soon will mock thy grasp;
But let the wings of prayer

Take the blest breeze of heaven, and upward flee, And life from God shall enter thee. Oh, fear not Him who walks the stormy wave;
'Tis not a spectre, but the Lord.

Trust then in Him who overcame the grave, Who holds in captive ward

The powers of hell! Heed not the monster grim, Nor fear to go through death to Him.

Look not so fondly back on this false earth; Let hope not linger here.

Say, would the worm forego its second birth, Or the transition fear,

That gives it wings to try a world unknown, Although it wakes and mounts alone?

But thou art not alone: on either side

The portal, friends stand guard;

And the kind spirits wait thy course to guide.

Why, why should it be hard

To trust our Maker with the soul He gave, Or Him who died that soul to save?

Into His hands commit thy trembling spirit, Who gave His life for thine;

Guilty, fix all thy trust upon His merit, To Him thy heart resign;

Oh, give Him love for love, and sweetly fall Into His hands who is thy All. v

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LXXXII.

On come, Thou wounded Lamb of God, Come, wash us in thy cleansing blood! Give us to know thy love, then pain Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

Oh take our hearts, and let them be For ever clos'd to all but Thee: Seal Thou each breast, and let us wear That pledge of love for ever there.

How can it be, Thou Heavenly King, That Thou should'st man to glory bring! Make slaves the partners of thy throne, Deck'd with a never-fading crown!

O Lord, enlarge our scanty thought, To know the wonders by Thee wrought: Unloose our stamm'ring tongues, to tell Thy love immense, unsearchable!

First-born of many brethren Thou, To Thee both earth and heaven must bow: Help us to Thee our all to give; Thine let us die, Thine let us live!

LXXXIII.

SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put your armour on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through his Eternal Son;
Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in His mighty power:
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.

Stand then in His great might,
With all His strength endued;
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God:
That, having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

Stand, then, against your foes
In close and firm array:
Legions of wily fiends oppose
Throughout the evil day,
But meet the sons of night,
And mock their vain design,
Arm'd in the arms of heavenly light,
Of righteousness divine.

Leave no unguarded place,
No weakness of the soul:
Take every virtue, every grace,
And fortify the whole:
Indissolubly join'd,
To battle all proceed;
But arm yourselves with all the mind
Which was in Christ your Head.

LXXXIV.

On for a closer walk with God, A calm and heavenly frame; A light, to shine upon the road Which leads me to the Lamb!

Where is the blessedness I knew When first I saw the Lord? Where is the soul-refreshing view Of Jesus and his Word?

What peaceful hours I then enjoy'd!

How sweet their memory still!

But now I find an aching void,

The world can never fill.

Return, O Holy Dove, retrdn,
Sweet messenger of rest!

I hate the sins which made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.

The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only Thee.

So shall my walk be close with God, Calm and serene my frame; So purer light shall mark the road Which leads me to the Lamb.

LXXXV.

OH, could I find some peaceful bower, Where Sin has neither place nor power! This traitor vile I fain would shun. But cannot from his presence run.

When to the throne of grace I flee, He stands between my God and me: Where'er I rove, where'er I rest, I find him working in my breast. When I attempt to soar above, To view the height of Jesu's love, This monster seems to mount the skies, And veil Christ's glories from mine eyes.

Lord, free me from this deadly foe, Which keeps my faith and hope so low: I long to dwell in that blest home, Where not one sinful thought can come.

LXXXVI.

THEE will I love, my Strength, my Tower!
Thee will I love, my Joy, my Crown!
Thee will I love, with all my power,
In all thy works, and Thee alone!
Thee will I love, till the pure fire
Fill my whole soul with chaste desire.

Ah! why did I so late Thee know,
Thee, lovelier than the sons of men?
Ah! why did I no sooner go
To Thee, the only ease in pain?
Asham'd, I sigh and inly mourn,
That I so late to Thee did turn.

In darkness willingly I stray'd:
 I sought Thee, yet from Thee I rov'd:
Far wide my wand'ring thoughts were spread:
 Thy creatures more than Thee I lov'd:
And now if more at length I see,
'Tis through thy light, and comes from Thee.

I thank Thee, Uncreated Sun,
That thy bright beams on me have shin'd:
I thank Thee, who hast overthrown
My foes, and heal'd my wounded mind:
I thank Thee, whose enliv'ning voice
Bids my freed heart in Thee rejoice.

Give to mine eyes refreshing tears:
Give to my heart chaste hallow'd fires:
Give to my soul, with filial fears,
The love, which all heaven's host inspires—
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

Thee will I love, my Joy, my Crown!
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God!
Thee will I love, beneath thy frown
Or smile—thy sceptre or thy rod:
What though my flesh and heart decay,
Thee shall I love in endless day!

LXXXVII.

Thou hidden Love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathom'd, no man knows,
I see from far thy beauteous light,
Inly I sigh for thy repose:
My heart is pain'd, nor can it be
At rest, till it find rest in Thee.

Is there a thing beneath the sun
Which strives with Thee my heart to share?
Ah! tear it thence; and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there!
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it hath found repose in Thee.

Oh hide this Self from me, that I
No more, but Christ in me may live!
My vile affections crucify,
Nor let one darling lust survive!
Still let my heart to Thee aspire,
And nought on earth but Thee desire.

O Love, thy sov'reign aid impart,
To save me from low-thoughted care:
Chase this self-will through all my heart,
Through all its latent mazes there;
That I may never, never move
From the blest footsteps of thy love.

Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, which lowly waits thy call:
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
"I am thy Life, thy God, thy All!"
Thy love to taste, thy voice to hear,
Thy power to prove, be all my care!

LXXXVII.

'Tis not too hard, too high an aim, Secure in Christ thy part to claim; The sensual instinct to controul, And warm with purer fires the soul.

Nature will raise up all her strife, Reluctant to the heavenly life; Loth in a Saviour's death to share, Her daily cross compell'd to bear—

But Grace, omnipotent at length, Shall arm the saint with saving strength: Through the sharp war with aids attend, And his long conflict sweetly end.

Act but the infant's gentle part; Give up to love thy willing heart: No fondest parent's melting breast Yearns, like thy God's, to make thee blest. Taught its dear mother soon to know, The tenderest babe its love can show: Bid thy base servile fear retire; This task no labour will require.

The Sov'reign Father, good and kind, Wants but to have his child resign'd; Wants but thy yielded heart (no more!) With his large gifts of grace to store.

He to thy soul no anguish brings: From thine own stubborn will it springs: That foe but crucify (thy bane!) Nought shalt thou know of frowns or pain.

Shake from thy soul, o'erwhelm'd, deprest, Th' encumbering load which galls her rest, And wastes her strength in bondage vain: With courage break th' enslaving chain.

Let faith exert its conquering power: Cry, in thy tempted, trembling hour, "My God, my Father! save thy Son!"— "Tis heard—let all thy fears be gone.

Yet if (more earnest plaints to raise)
Thy God awhile his aid delays,
Though his kind hand thou can'st not feel,
Thy grief let lenient patience heal.

Or if corruption's strength prevail, And oft thy pilgrim footsteps fail; Lift for his grace thy louder cries, So shalt thou cleans'd and stronger rise.

If haply still thy mental shade, Deep as the midnight gloom be made, On the sure faithful arm divine Firm let thy fastening trust recline.

The gentle Sire, the best of friends, To thee, nor loss nor harm intends: Though toss'd on life's tempestuous main, No wreck thy vessel shall sustain.

Should there remain of rescuing grace No glimpse, no footstep left to trace, Hear thy Lord's voice—'tis Jesus' will—"Believe (thou dark, lost pilgrim) still."

Then thy sad night of terrors past, (Though the dread season long may last,) Sweet light shall, from the tranquil skies, Like a fair dawn before thee rise.

Then shall thy faith's firm grounds appear, Thine eyes shall view salvation near. Be hence encourag'd more, when tried, On the best Father to confide. Ah! from thy mind extirpate quite
The sickly films which cloud her sight:
See! of how rich a lot, how blest,
The true believer stands possest!

Come, backward soul, to God resign: Peace, his best blessing, shall be thine: Boldly recumbent on his care, Cast thy felt burdens only there!

LXXXVIII.

God of my life! how good, how wise
Thy judgments to my soul have been!
They were but mercies in disguise,
The painful remedies of sin:
How different now thy ways appear—
Most merciful, when most severe!

Since first the maze of life I trod,
Hast Thou not hedg'd about my way;
My worldly, vain designs withstood,
And robb'd my passions of their prey—
Withheld the fuel from the fire,
And cross'd each foolish, fond desire?

Thou would'st not let the captive go,
Or leave me to my carnal will:
Thy love forbad my rest below—
Thy patient love pursued me still
And forc'd me from my sin to part,
And tore the idol from my heart.

But can I now the loss lament,
Or murmur at thy friendly blow?
Thy friendly blow my heart hath rent
From every seeming good below:
Thrice happy loss! which makes me see
My happiness is all in Thee.

XC.

O Lond, my best desire fulfil;
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
And make thy pleasure mine.

Why should I shrink at thy command, Whose love forbids my fears; Or tremble at thy gracious hand, Which wipes away my tears?

No, rather let me freely yield What most I prize to Thee; Who never hast a good withheld, Or wilt withhold from me. Thy favour, all my journey through,
Thou art engag'd to grant;
What else I want, or think I do,
'Tis better still to want.

Wisdom and mercy guide my way; Shall I resist them both?— A poor blind creature of a day, And crush'd before the moth!

But, ah! my inward spirit cries,
"Still bind me to thy sway;
Else the next cloud which veils my skies
Drives all these thoughts away."

XCI.

QUIET, Lord, my froward heart,
Make me teachable and mild;
Upright, simple, free from art,
Make me as a weaned child:
From distrust and envy free,
Pleas'd with all that pleaseth Thee.

What Thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive;
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to thy wisdom leave:
"Tis enough that Thou wilt care—
Why should I the burden bear?

As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own,
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
Fears to stir a step alone;
Let me thus with Thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide!

Thus preserv'd from Satan's wiles,
Safe from dangers, free from fears,
May I live upon thy smiles,
Till the promis'd hour appears,
When the sons of God shall prove
All their Father's boundless love!

XCII.

NEARER, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Though, like the wanderer,

The sun gone down,

Darkness be over me,

My rest a stone;

Yet in my dreams I'll be Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!

There let my way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me,
Nearer, my God, to Thee—
Nearer to Thee!

Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethels I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee—
Nearer to Thee!

And when, on joyful wing,

Cleaving the sky,

Sun, moon, and stars forgot,

Upward I fly;

Still all my song shall be,

Nearer, my God, to Thee—

Nearer to Thee!

XCIII.

Ir, rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker face to face,
Oh how shall I appear!

If yet, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought—

When Thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclos'd In majesty severe, And sit in judgment on my soul, Oh how shall I appear!

Lord, see the sorrows of my heart; My inward anguish heal; And, by my Saviour's dying groans, Assuage the pains I feel.

For never shall my soul despair
Her pardon to procure,
Who knows Thy Only Son hath died
To make that pardon sure.

XCIV.

Help, Lord, to whom for help I fly,
And still my tempted soul stand by,
Throughout the evil day!
The sacred watchfulness impart,
And keep the issues of my heart,
And stir me up to pray.

My soul with thy whole armour arm:
In each approach of sin alarm,
And shew the danger near!
Surround, sustain, and strengthen me,
And fill with godly jealousy,
And sanctifying fear.

Whene'er my careless hands hang down,
Then let me see Thy gath'ring frown,
And feel Thy warning eye;
And, starting, cry from ruin's brink,
"Save, Jesus, or I yield, I sink!
Oh save me, or I die!"

If near the pit I rashly stray,
Before I wholly fall away
The keen conviction dart!
Recall me by that pitying look,
That kind, upbraiding glance, which broke
Unfaithful Peter's heart.

XCV.

COME, O Thou Traveller unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see!
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with Thee:
With Thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.

I need not tell Thee who I am;
My mis'ry and my sin declare:
Thyself hast call'd me by my name:
Look on Thy hands, and read it there:
But who, I ask Thee, who art Thou?
Tell me thy Name—Oh tell me now!

In vain Thou strugglest to get free:
 I never will unloose my hold!
Art Thou the Man who died for me?
 The secret of thy love unfold:
Wrestling I will not let Thee go,
Till I thy Name, thy Nature know.

Wilt Thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new, unutterable Name?
Tell me, I still beseech Thee, tell:
To know it now, resolv'd I am:
Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,
Till I thy Name, thy Nature know.

What though my shrinking flesh complain,
And murmur to contend so long?

I rise superior to my pain:
When I am weak, then am I strong!
And when my all of strength shall fail,
I shall with the God-Man prevail.

Yield to me now, for I am weak,
But confident in self-despair:
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak;
Be conquer'd by my instant prayer:
Speak, or Thou never hence shalt move,
And tell me if thy name be Love.

'Tis Love! 'tis Love! Thou diedst for me:
I hear thy whisper in my heart!
The morning breaks, the shadows flee,
Pure, Universal Love Thou art:
To me, to all, thy bowels move,
Thy Nature, and thy Name is Love.

My prayer hath power with God: the grace
Unspeakable I now receive:
Through faith I see Thee face to face—
I see Thee face to face, and live!
In vain I have not wept and strove;
Thy Nature, and thy Name, is Love.

I know Thee, Saviour, who Thou art—
Jesus, the feeble sinner's Friend:
Nor wilt Thou with the night depart,
But stay and love me to the end:
Thy mercies never shall remove,
Thy Nature, and thy Name, is Love.

The Sun of Righteousness on me
Hath ris'n with healing in his wings:
Wither'd my nature's strength, from Thee
My soul its life, and succour brings:
My help is all laid up above;
Thy Nature, and thy Name, is Love.

Contented now upon my thigh
I halt, till life's short journey end:
All helplessness, all weakness, I
On thee alone for strength depend:
Nor have I power from Thee to move;
Thy Nature, and thy Name, is Love.

Lame as I am, I take the prey—
Hell, earth, and sin, with ease o'ercome:
I leap for joy, pursue my way,
And, as a bounding hart, fly home;
Through all eternity to prove,
Thy Nature, and thy Name, is Love.

XCVI.

O SAVIOUR! is thy promise fled? Nor longer may thy grace endure, To heal the sick, and raise the dead, And preach thy Gospel to the poor?

Come, Jesus, come! return again; With brighter beams thy servants bless, Who long to hail thy perfect reign, And share thy kingdom's happiness!

A feeble race, by passion driven, In darkness and in doubt we roam; And lift our anxious eyes to Heaven, Our hope, our harbour, and our home!

Come, Jesus, come! and as, of yore, Thy Prophet went to clear the way, A harbinger thy feet before, A dawning to thy brighter day;—

So, ere again we see thy face, Our stony hearts for truth prepare; Sow in our souls the seed of grace, Then come, and reap thy harvest there.

XCVII.

An! why should this immortal mind, Enslaved by sense, be thus confined, And never, never rise? Why, thus amused with empty toys, And soothed with visionary joys, Forget her native skies?

The mind was formed to mount sublime,
Beyond the narrow bounds of time,
To everlasting things;
But earthly vapours cloud her sight,
And hang with cold oppressive weight
Upon her drooping wings.

The world employs its various snares,
Of hopes and pleasures, pains and cares,
And chained to earth I lie:
When shall my fettered powers be free,
And leave these seats of vanity,
And upward learn to fly?

Bright scenes of bliss, unclouded skies, Invite my soul;—O could I rise, Nor leave a thought below! I'd bid farewell to anxious care, And say to every tempting snare, Heaven calls, and I must go. Heaven calls, and can I yet delay?
Can ought on earth engage my stay?
Ah, wretched, lingering heart!
Come, Lord, with strength, and life, and light,
Assist and guide my upward flight,
And bid the world depart.

XCVIII.

Ask the bird that soars on high, Midway between earth and sky, What he sees, when he is there, Of the world's receding sphere.

He could teach, if he might say, Heavenward as he bends his way, How the wide world lessens fast, In the growing distance lost.

Lesser objects lost to view, Great ones are but little now— All that once were bright and fair, Lose their tints and disappear.

Doubt you, then, why they who rise Near and nearer to the skies, See on earth's diminished sphere, Little that is worth their care? They whose bosoms once could joy
In the vain world's vainest toy—
They whose hearts could sometime feel
E'en the slightest touch of ill—
From the world by sorrow riven,
Gone already half to heaven—
Look with calmness on a scene,
Scarcely now within their ken.
Deem not that the heart is chilled,
Which, though once with anguish filled,
Such emotions all forgot,
Can smile and say, "It matters not."

XCIX.

"CHILD of man, whose seed below, Must fulfil their race of woe; Heir of want, and doubt, and pain, Does thy fainting heart complain? Oh! in thought, one night recall—Night of grief in Herod's hall; There I bore the vengeance due, Freely bore it all for you.

"Child of dust, corruption's son, By pride deceived, by pride undone, Willing captive, yet be free, Take my yoke, and learn of me. I, of heaven and earth the Lord, God with God, the eternal Word, I forsook my Father's side, Toiled, and wept, and bled, and died.

"Child of doubt, does fear surprise,
Vexing thoughts within thee rise;
Wondering, murmuring, dost thou gaze
On evil men and evil days?
Oh! if darkness round thee lour,
Darker far my dying hour,
Which bade that fearful cry awake,
'My God, my God, dost thou forsake?'

"Child of sin, by guilt opprest,
Heaves at last that throbbing breast?
Hast thou felt the mourner's part,
Fearest thou now thy failing heart?
Bear thee on, beloved of God,
Tread the path thy Saviour trod;
He the Tempter's power hath known,
He hath poured the garden groan.

"Child of heaven, by me restored, Love thy Saviour, serve thy Lord; Sealed with that mysterious name, Bear thy cross, and scorn the shame, Then, like me, thy conflict o'er, Thou shalt rise to sleep no more; Partner of my purchased throne, One in joy, in glory one."

C.

Come, Holy Spirit, come;
Let thy bright beams arise,
Dispel the darkness from our minds;
And open all our eyes.

Cheer our desponding hearts,
Thou heavenly Paraclete;
Give us to lie, with humble hope,
At our Redeemer's feet.

Revive our drooping faith;
Our doubts and fears remove;
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

Convince us of our sin;
Then lead to Jesu's blood;
And to our wondering view reveal
The secret love of God.

Shew us that loving Man,
That rules the courts of bliss,
The Lord of Hosts, the mighty God,
Th' eternal Prince of Peace.

'Tis thine to cleanse the heart, To sanctify the soul, To pour fresh life on every part, And new create the whole.

If thou, celestial Dove,
Thine influence withdraw,
What easy victims soon we fall
To conscience, wrath, and law.

No longer burns our love; Our faith and patience fail; Our sin revives; and death and hell Our feeble souls assail.

Dwell therefore in our hearts; Our minds from bondage free; Then shall we know, and praise, and love, The Father, Son, and Thee.

CI.

Come, my fond fluttering heart,
Come, struggle to be free,
Thou and the world must part,
However hard it be:
My trembling spirit owns it just,
But cleaves yet closer to the dust.

Ye tempting sweets, forbear;
Ye dearest idols, fall;
My love ye must not share,
Jesus shall have it all:
'Tis bitter pain, 'tis cruel smart,
But, ah! thou must consent, my heart.

Ye fair enchanting throng!
Ye golden dreams, farewell!
Earth has prevailed too long,
And now I break the spell:
Ye cherished joys of early years;
Jesus, forgive these parting tears.

But must I part with all?

My heart still fondly pleads;
Yes,—Dagon's self must fall,
It beats, it throbs, it bleeds:
Is there no balm in Gilead found,
To sooth and heal the smarting wound.?

O yes, there is a balm,
A kind Physician there,
My fevered mind to calm,
To bid me not despair:
Aid me, dear Saviour, set me free,
And I will all resign to Thee.

O may I feel thy worth,
And let no idol dare,
No vanity of earth,
With Thee, my Lord, compare!
Now bid all worldly joys depart,
And reign supremely in my heart!

CII.

Jesus, by whose grace I live,
From the fear of evil kept,
Thou hast lengthen'd my reprieve,
Held in being while I slept:
With the day my heart renew,
Let me wake thy will to do.

Oh that I may keep thy word,
Taught by Thee to watch and pray;
To thy service, gracious Lord,
Sanctify the present day:
Swift its fleeting moments haste;
Doom'd, perhaps, to be my last!

Crucified to all below,

Earth shall never be my care:

Wealth and honour I forego,

This my aim and constant prayer—

Thine in life and death to be,

Now, and to eternity.

CIII.

'LORD, and what shall this man do?'
Ask'st thou, Christian, for thy friend?
If his love for Christ be true,
Christ hath told thee of his end:
This is he whom God approves,
This is he whom Jesus loves.

Ask not of him more than this,
Leave it in his Saviour's breast,
Whether, early called to bliss,
He in youth shall find his rest,
Or armed in his station wait
Till his Lord be at the gate:

Whether in his lonely course
(Lonely, not forlorn) he stay,
Or with love's supporting force
Cheat the toil and cheer the way:
Leave it all in His high hand,
Who doth hearts as streams command.

Gales from heaven, if so He will,
Sweeter melodies can wake
On the lonely mountain rill,
Than the meeting waters make.
Who hath the Father and the Son,
May be left, but not alone.

Sick or healthful, slave or free,
Wealthy, or despised and poor—
What is that to him or thee,
So his love to Christ endure?
When the shore is won at last,
Who will count the billows past?

Only, since our souls will shrink
At the touch of natural grief,
When our earthly loved ones sink,
Lend us, Lord, thy sure relief
Patient hearts, their pain to see,
And thy grace, to follow Thee.

CIV.

At anchor laid, remote from home, Toiling, I cry, 'Sweet Spirit, come,' Celestial breeze, no longer stay, But swell my sails and speed my way.

Fain would I mount, fain would I glow, And loose my cable from below; But I can only spread my sail, Thou, Thou must breathe the auspicious gale.

CV.

Lord, I feel a carnal mind,
That hangs about me still,
Vainly though I strive to bind
My own rebellious will;
Is not haughtiness of heart
The gulf between my God and me?
Meek Redeemer, now impart
Thine own humility.

Fain would I my Lord pursue,
Be all my Saviour taught,
Do as Jesus bids me do,
And think as Jesus thought:
But 'tis Thou must change my heart,
The perfect gift must come from Thee:
Meek Redeemer, now impart
Thine own humility.

Lord, I cannot, must not rest,
Till I thy mind obtain,
Chase presumption from my breast,
And all thy mildness gain!
Give me, Lord, thy gentle heart,
Thy lowly mind my portion be;
Meek Redeemer, now impart
Thine own humility.

Let thy cross my will control,
Conform me to my Guide:
In thine image mould my soul,
And crucify my pride;
Give me, Lord, a contrite heart,
A heart that always looks to Thee:
Meek Redeemer, now impart
Thine own humility.

Tear away my every boast,
My stubborn mind abase:
Saviour! fix my only trust
In thy redeeming grace:
Give me a submissive heart,
From pride and self-dependence free;
Meek Redeemer, now impart
Thine own humility.

CVI.

FIGHT the good fight; lay hold
Upon eternal life;
Keep but thy shield, be bold,
Stand through the hottest strife;
Invincible while in the field,
Thou canst not fail, unless thou yield.

No force of earth or hell,
Though fiends with men unite;
Truth's champion can compel,
However press'd, to flight;
Invincible upon the field,
He cannot fall, unless he yield.

Apollyon's arm may shower
Darts thick as hail, and hide
Heaven's face, as in the hour
When Christ on Calvary died;
No powers of darkness in the field
Can tread thee down, unless thou yield.

Trust in thy Saviour's might;
Yea, till thy latest breath,
Fight, and, like Him in fight,
By dying, conquer death;
And all-victorious in the field,
Then, with thy sword, thy spirit yield.

Great words are these, and strong,
Yet, Lord, I look to Thee,
To whom alone belong
Valour and victory;
With Thee, my Captain in the field,
I must prevail, I cannot yield.

CVII.

THE path of sorrow, and that path alone, Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown: No traveller ever reached that blessed abode, Who found not thorns and briars in his road. The world may dance along the flowery plain, Cheered as they go by many a sprightly strain; Where nature has her mossy velvet spread, With unshod feet they yet securely tread, Admonished, scorn the caution and the friend, Bent all on pleasure, heedless of its end: But He, who knew what human hearts would prove, How slow to learn the dictates of His love. That, hard by nature and of stubborn will, A life of ease would make them harder still, In pity to the souls His grace designed To rescue from the ruins of mankind, Called for a cloud to darken all their years, And said, "Go, spend them in the vale of tears."

O balmy gales of soul-reviving air!
O salutary streams, that murmur there!
These, flowing from the fount of grace above;
Those, breathed from lips of everlasting love.
The flinty soil indeed their feet annoys;
Chill blasts of trouble nip their springing joys,

An envious world will interpose its frown,
To mar delights superior to its own;
And many a pang, experienced still within,
Reminds them of their hated inmate, sin:
But ills of every shape and every name,
Transformed to blessings, miss their cruel aim;
And every moment's calm that soothes the breast,
Is given in earnest of eternal rest.

Ah, be not sad, although thy lot be cast
Far from the flock, and in a boundless waste!
No shepherds' tents within thy view appear,
But the chief Shepherd even there is near;
Thy tender sorrows and thy plaintive strain
Flow in a foreign land, but not in vain;
Thy tears all issue from a source divine,
And every drop bespeaks a Saviour thine;
So once in Gideon's fleece the dews were found,
And drought on all the drooping herbs around.

CVIII.

When first thine eyes unveil, give thy soul leave To do the like; our bodies but forerun The spirit's duty; true hearts spread and heave Unto their God, as flowers do to the sun: Give Him thy first thoughts then, so shalt thou keep Him company all day, and in Him sleep. I'et never sleep the sun up; prayer should Dawn with the day; there are set, awful hours 'Twixt heaven and us; the manna was not good After sun-rising; far day sullies flowers; Rise to prevent the sun; sleep doth sins glut, And heaven's gate opens when the world's is shut.

Walk with thy fellow-creatures; note the hush And whisperings amongst them.—Not a sprig Or leaf but hath his morning hymn; each bush And oak doth know I AM.—Canst thou not sing? Above thy cares and follies! Go this way, And thou art sure to prosper all the day.

Serve God before the world: let Him not go Until thou hast a blessing; then resign The whole unto Him, and remember who Prevail'd by wrestling ere the sun did shine: Pour oil upon the stones, weep for thy sin, Then journey on, and have an eye to heaven.

Mornings are mysteries: the first, world's youth, Man's resurrection, and the future's bud, Shroud in their births; the crown of life, light, truth, Is styled their star; the stone and hidden food; Three blessings wait upon them, one of which Should move—they make us holy, happy, rich. When the world's up, and every swarm abroad, Keep well thy temper; mix not with each day: Dispatch necessities; life hath a load Which must be carried on, and safely may; Yet keep these cares without thee: let the heart Be God's alone, and choose the better part.

CIX.

No, I would not always live,
Always sin, repent, and grieve,
Always in my dungeon groan,
Always serve a God unknown;
Or if Thou appear'st to me,
Darkly through a glass I see,
Know in part, and deeply mourn
Till I to thy arms return.

Pardoned, still for sin I grieve,
Never can myself forgive:
Weeping, though my heart were pure,
Would I to the end endure,
Still lament, and daily die,
Till my Saviour from the sky
Wipe the gracious tears away,
Bear me to eternal day.

CX.

On for a glance of heavenly day, To take this stubborn stone away; And thaw with beams of love divine This heart, this frozen heart of mine!

The rocks can rend; the earth can quake; The seas can roar; the mountains shake; Of feeling, all things show some sign, But this unfeeling heart of mine.

To hear the sorrows Thou hast felt, Dear Lord, an adamant would melt; But I can read each moving line, And nothing move this heart of mine.

Thy judgments, too, unmoved I hear, (Amazing thought!) which devils fear: Goodness and wrath in vain combine, To stir this stupid heart of mine.

But something yet can do the deed; And that dear something much I need: Thy Spirit can from dross refine, And move and melt this heart of mine.

CXI.

On, from the world's vile slavery, Almighty Saviour, set me free, And as my treasure is above, Be there my thoughts, be there my love!

But oft, alas! too well I know, My thoughts, my love, are fixed below; In every lifeless prayer I find The heart unmoved, the absent mind.

Oh, what that frozen heart can move, That melts not at the Saviour's love; What can that sluggish spirit raise, That will not sing the Saviour's praise?

Yet earthly pleasure still hath charms; And earthly love my bosom warms: Though cold my heart to love divine, And cold, my bleeding Lord, to thine.

Lord, draw my best affections hence, Above this world of sin and sense; Cause them to soar beyond the skies, And rest not, till to Thee they rise.

CXII

"SEEK ye to sit enthroned by me?

"Alas! ye know not what ye ask:

"The first in shame and agony,

"The lowest in the meanest task—

"This can ye be? and can ye drink

"The cup that I in tears must steep,

"Nor from the whelming waters shrink

"That o'er me roll so dark and deep?"

We can!—thine are we, dearest Lord, In glory and in agony, To do and suffer all Thy word; Only be Thou for ever nigh.

"Then be it so!—my cup receive,
"And of my woes baptismal taste:
"But for the crown, that angels weave
"For those next me in glory placed,
"I give it not by partial love;
"But in my Father's book are writ
"What names on earth shall lowliest prove,
"That they in Heaven may highest sit.

CXIII.

THERE is a secret in the ways of God With His own children, which none others know, That sweetens all He does: and if such peace, While under His afflicting hand we find, What will it be to see Him as he is, And pass the reach of all that now disturbs The tranquil soul's repose? To contemplate, In retrospect unclouded, all the means By which His wisdom has prepared His saints For the vast weight of glory which remains! Come then, Affliction, if my Father bids, And be my frowning friend: a friend that frowns Is better than a smiling enemy. We welcome clouds which bring the former rain, Tho' they the present prospect blacken round, And shade the beauties of the opening year, That, by their stores enriched, the earth may yield A fruitful summer and a plenteous crop.

CXIV.

OH, seek no bliss, but to fulfil, In life and death, God's holy will; No comforts in thy woe desire, Save those His promises inspire. Our days are numbered; let us spare Our anxious hearts a needless care; 'Tis His to number out our days, 'Tis our's to spend them to His praise.

CXV.

O THAT my heart was right with Thee, And loved Thee with a perfect love: O that my Lord would dwell in me, And never from his seat remove! Jesus, apply thy pardoning blood, And make this bosom fit for God.

Saviour, I dwell in awful night, Until Thou in my heart appear; Arise, propitious sun, and light An everlasting morning there: Thy presence casts the shadows by; If Thou withdraw, how dark am I!

O Lord, how should thy servant see, Unless Thou give me seeing eyes? Well may I fall, if out of Thee! If out of Thee, how should I rise? I wander wide without thy aid, And lose my way in midnight shade. O let my prayer acceptance find,
And bring the mighty blessing down;
Eye-sight impart, for I am blind;
And seal me thine adopted son.
A fallen, helpless creature take,
And heir of thy salvation make.

CXVI.

SWEETEST Saviour, if my soul, Were but worth the having, Quickly should I then control Any thought of waving. But, when all my care and pains Cannot give the name of gains To thy wretch so full of stains, What delight or hope remains?

"What, child! is the balance thine? Thine the poise and measure? If I say, 'Thou shalt be mine,' Question not my pleasure. What the gain in having thee Doth amount to, only He, Who for man was sold, can see; That transferred the account to me."

But as I can see no merit Leading to this favour; So the way to fit me for it, Is beyond my savour. As the reason then is thine, So the way is none of mine; I disclaim the whole design: Lord, to thee I all resign.

"That is all, if that I could
Get without repining,
And my clay, my creature, would
Follow my designing;
That as I did freely part
With my glory and desert,
Left all joys to feel all smart"—

Ah, no more, thou break'st my heart!

CXVII.

The seas are quiet when the winds are o'er: So calm are we when passions are no more! For then we know how vain it was to boast Of fleeting things, so certain to be lost. Clouds of affection from our younger eyes
Conceal that emptiness which age descries:
The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lets in new lights thro' chinks that time has made.

Stronger by weakness, wiser, men become, As they draw near to their eternal home; Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view, That stand upon the threshold of the new.

CXVIII.

Fair sea! whose lines of rolling wave,
Flash back the gladsome day,
And seem, as the broad beach they lave,
In murmurs soft to say,
"Is there a wand'rer on my breast?—
I'll bear him gently to his rest,
And soothe his cares away;
Here, where sweet flowers, of thousand hues,
The welcome of their balm diffuse."

Not thus—not thus thine accents broke
On Paul's awaken'd ear,
When hoarse thy boiling waters spoke,
And mocked the seaman's fear.
Thrice rose the sun, yet flung his light
Idly upon that triple night,

Wrought by thy wrestlings drear; Whilst on thy fickle breast of foam Man found nor refuge nor a home.

Rude sea! hadst thou no sealed charge,
That fearful crew to spare,
To mark, when sank the fragile barge,
Thy Lord's beloved there?
Yea, though thou foam above, below,
Thy bounds are set—thus far may'st go,
Farther thou may'st not dare:
In vain thy billows course their way—
Saved are the souls! Disgorge thy prey!

And yet, methinks, when Paul once more Sought thy rude waves to greet,
The rippling waters coursed the shore,
To kiss his sainted feet —
But he nor trusted thee nor feared;
Not at thy pleasure safe he steered,
Or 'gainst thy scowlings beat:
He knew Jehovah ruled, as slaves,
Thy myriad host of wanton waves.

O for a faith! the faith of Paul,—
To rise above things seen;
To cease to feel and mourn that all
Are not as might have been;

That ocean, air, the land, the fire, Might aye celestial thoughts inspire, And from earth's pleasures wean;— Then all I think, or hear, or see, Were token from my God to me.

And thou, fair sea!—for be thy form,
As spread before my sight,
Or heaved and frothed abroad by storm,
Or gemmed with twinklings bright—
I love thee for thy Maker's sake,
And hail the thoughts thy waves awake,
Thoughts clothed in mystic might,
That He, who rules in heaven above,
Loves me, his child,—for He is Love.

One hour upon this lonely shore,
Where Paul before me trod,
Hath lent me wings, in hope to soar,
And commune with my God.
Oh, would this fresh'ning southern breeze,
That murmurs gently through the trees,
And spread their scents abroad,
Bear hither, as my longings rise,
The loaded gales of Paradise!

What is life's course, by day and night, But an unstable sea, Now wrestling in malicious might,
Now frothed in sportive glee?—
Why should I heed its restless wiles,
Its heaving wrath, or twinkling smiles,
Its frowns or revelry?—
I heed nor blame—it has its hour—
The tool of an Almighty power.

O give me grace, my gracious King,
To take, as from thine hand,
The woes its boisterous tempests bring,
The comforts of its strand—
Then every breeze shall echo 'Come,'
And every billow waft me home
To Canaan's blissful land;
Where rolling thunders cease to roar,
And the tossed soul rests evermore.

CXIX.

FAITH fails: Then in the dust

Lie failing rest and light and trust: So doth the troubled soul itself distress, And choke the fountain in the wilderness.

I care not what your peace assails: The deep root is, faith fails.

Faith fails:

When in the breast

The Lord's sweet presence doth not rest:
For who believes, clouds cannot make afraid;
He knows the sun doth shine behind the shade;
He rides at anchor through the gales.
Do you not so? Faith fails.

Faith fails:

Its foes alarm,

And persecutions' threats disarm.

False friends can scarcely wish it a good day,
Before it taketh fright, and shrinks away.

When God doth guard, what foe prevails? Why then the fear? Faith fails.

Faith fails:

Else cares would die,
And we should on God's care rely.

Man for the coming day doth grieve and fret.
And all past days doth sinfully forget.

For every beast God's care avails;

Why not for us? Faith fails.

Faith fails:

Then cometh fear,
If sickness comes, if death is near.
O man, why is it, when the times are bad,
And the days are evil, that thy face is sad?
How is it that thy courage quails?
It must be this—faith fails.

My God,
Let my faith be
Living and working actively,
With hope and joy, that death may not surprise;
So let them sweetly close my eyes!
The Christian's life to death may yield;—
Hope stands—faith has the field!

CXX.

Who seeks in weakness an excuse,
His sins will vanquish never;
Unless he heart and mind renews
He is deceived for ever.
The strait and narrow way,
That shines to perfect day,
He hath not found, hath never trod;
Little he knows, I ween,
What prayer and conflict mean,
To one who hath the light of God.

In what the world calls weakness, lurks
The very strength of evil,
Full mightily it helps the works
Of our great foe, the devil.
Awake, my soul, awake,
Thy refuge quickly take
With Him, the Almighty, who can save.

One look from Christ thy Lord Can sever every cord That binds thee now, a wretched slave!

Know, the first step in Christian love
Is to depart from sin:
True faith will leave the world no more
A place thy heart within.
Thy Saviour's Spirit first
The heavy bonds must burst,
Wherein death bound thee in thy need:
Then the freed spirit knows,

What strength He gives to those
Who, with their Lord, are risen indeed.

And what thy Spirit, Lord, began,
Help thou, with inner might;
Earth has no better gift for man
Than strength and love of right.
Oh, make thy followers just,
Who look to thee in trust!
Thy strength and justice let us know;
Our souls, through Thee, would wear
The power of grace, most fair
Of all the jewels faith can show.

Strong Son of God, break down Thy foes, So shall we conquer our's; Strong in the might from Thee that flows, We mourn not lack of powers; E'er since that from above,
The witness of Thy love,
Thy Spirit came, and doth abide
With us, dispelling fear
And falsehood, that we here
May fight and conquer on Thy side.

Give strength whene'er our strength must fail,
Give strength the flesh to curb,
Give strength when craft and sin prevail
To weaken and disturb.
The world doth lay her snares
To catch us unawares:
Give strength to sweep them all away;
So in our utmost need,
And when death comes indeed,
Thy strength shall be our perfect stay.

CXXI.

What a blessed change I find, Since I entertained this guest; Now, methinks, another mind Moves and rules within my breast; Surely I am not the same That I was before He came; But I then was much to blame, All the ways of righteousnesse,
I did think were full of trouble;
I complained of tediousnesse,
And each duty seemed double;
While I served them but from feare,
Every minute did appeare
Longer far than a whole yeare.

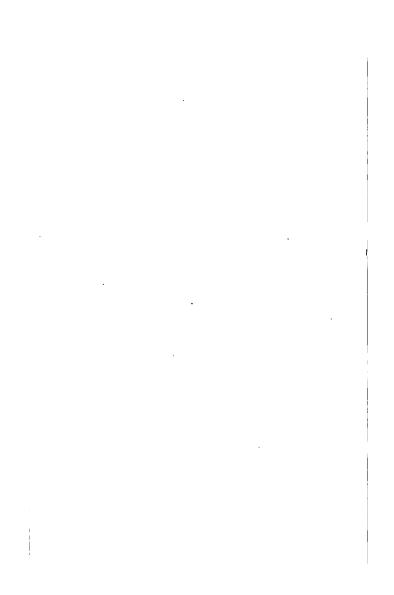
But the case is altered now, He no sooner turns His eye, But I quickly bend and bow, Ready at His feet to lie: Love hath taught me to obey All His precepts, and to say, Not "to-morrow," but "to-day."

CXXII.

While o'er life's wide darkling plain,
Unheeding as we roam,
Through many a path of joy and pain,
God leads his children home.
And though sometimes in prospect view'd
The winding way seems dark and rude;
Ah! who the backward scene hath scanned,
But bless'd his Father's guiding hand.

VI.

PRAYER.



CXXIII.

I ASK'D the Lord that I might grow In faith, and love, and every grace; Might more of His salvation know, And seek more earnestly His face.

'Twas He who taught me thus to pray; And He, I trust, has answer'd prayer; But it has been in such a way, As almost drove me to despair.

I hop'd, that, in some favour'd hour, At once He'd answer my request; And, by His love's constraining power, Subdue my sins, and give me rest:

Instead of this, He made me feel The hidden evils of my heart; And let the angry powers of hell Assault my soul in every part:

Yea, more, with his own hand He seem'd Intent to aggravate my woe; Cross'd all the fair designs I schem'd, Blasted my gourds, and laid me low. Lord, why is this? I trembling cried; Wilt Thou pursue thy worm to death? "'Tis in this way," the Lord replied, "I answer prayer for grace and faith.

"These inward trials I employ, From self and pride to set thee free; And break Thy schemes of earthly joy, That thou may'st seek thy all in Me."

CXXIV.

PRAYER was appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give:
Long as they live should Christians pray;
For only while they pray they live.

The Christian's heart his prayer indites;
He speaks as prompted from within:
The Spirit his petition writes;
And Christ receives and gives it in.

And wilt thou in dead silence lie,
When Christ stands waiting for thy prayer?
My soul, thou hast a Friend on high:
Arise, and try thy interest there.

If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress;
If cares distract, or fears dismay;
If guilt deject; if sin distress;
The remedy's before thee;—Pray.

'Tis prayer supports the soul that's weak;
Though thought be broken, language lame,—
Pray: if thou canst, or canst not, speak:
But pray with faith in Jesu's Name.

Depend on Him; thou canst not fail; Make all thy wants and wishes known: Fear not; His merits must prevail; Ask what thou wilt, it shall be done.

CXXV.

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire, Utter'd, or unexpress'd; The motion of a hidden fire, Which trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear;
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech Which infant-lips can try; Prayer—the sublimest strains, which reach The Majesty on High.

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gates of death—
He enters heaven with prayer.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice, Returning from his ways; While angels in their songs rejoice, And cry, "Behold, he prays."

The saints in prayer appear as one, In word, and deed, and mind; While with the Father and the Son, Sweet fellowship they find.

Now prayer is made on earth alone— The Holy Spirit pleads; And Jesus, on th' eternal throne, For mourners intercedes.

O Thou, by whom we come to God, The Life, the Truth, the Way! The path of prayer Thyself hast trod: Lord, teach us how to pray?

XXVI.

DEAR is the hallow'd Morn to me, When village bells awake the day; And, by their sacred minstrelsy, Call me from earthly cares away.

And dear to me the winged hour, Spent in thy holy courts, O Lord! To feel devotion's soothing power, And catch the manna of thy Word.

And dear to me the loud "Amen,"
Which echoes through the blest abode;
Which swells and sinks, and swells again—
Dies on the walls, but lives to God.

And dear the rustic harmony, Sung with the pomp of village art; That holy, heavenly melody, The music of a thankful heart.

In secret I have often prayed, And still the anxious tear would fall; But, on thy sacred altar laid, The fire descends and dries them all. Oft when the world, with iron hands, Has bound me in its six-days' chain, This bursts them, like the strong man's bands, And lets my spirit loose again.

Then dear to me the Sabbath Morn, The village bells, the shepherd's voice! These oft have found my heart forlorn, And always bid that heart rejoice.

Go, man of pleasure, strike the lyre, Of broken Sabbaths sing the charms— Our's be the Prophet's car of fire, Which bears us to a Father's arms.

CXXVII.

What various hindrances we meet In coming to a mercy-seat! Yet who that knows the worth of prayer, But wishes to be often there.

Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw, Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw, Gives exercise to faith and love, Brings every blessing from above. Restraining prayer, we cease to fight; Prayer makes the Christian's armour bright: And Satan trembles when he sees The weakest saint upon his knees.

While Moses stood with arms spread wide, Success was found on Israel's side; But when through weariness they failed, That moment Amalek prevailed.

Have you no words? ah! think again, Words flow apace when you complain. And fill your fellow-creature's ear With the sad tale of all your care.

Were half the breath that's vainly spent, To heaven in supplication sent, Your cheerful song would oftener be, "Hear what the Lord has done for me."

CXXVIII.

LORD, when we bend before Thy throne, And our confessions pour; Teach us to feel the sins we own, And shun what we deplore. Our contrite spirits pitying see,
And penitence impart;
And let a healing ray from Thee,
Beam hope upon the heart.

When our responsive tongues essay
Their grateful songs to raise;
Grant that our souls may join the lay,
And rise to Thee in praise.

When we disclose our wants in prayer, May we our wills resign; And not a thought our bosom share, Which is not wholly Thine.

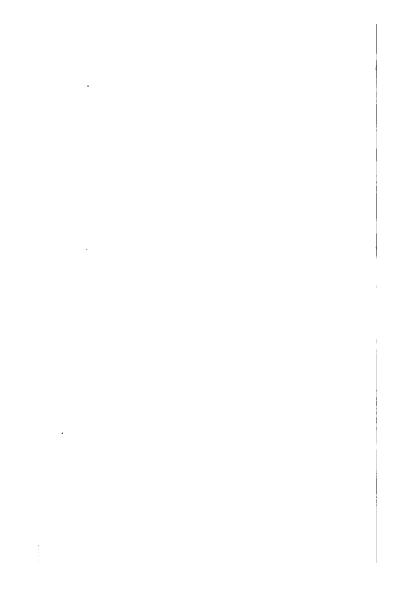
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VIÌ.

SELF-EXAMINATION.



CXXIX.

Far from the world, O Lord, I flee, From strife and tumult far; From scenes where Satan wages still His most successful war.

The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree;
And seem, by thy sweet bounty made,
For those who follow Thee.

There, if thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
Oh, with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God!

There, like the nightingale, she pours Her solitary lays; Nor asks a witness of her song, Nor thirsts for human praise.

Author and Guardian of my life,
Thou source of light divine,
And (all harmonious names in one)
My Saviour, Thou art mine!

CXXX.

My God, permit me not to be A stranger to myself and Thee; Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove, Forgetful of my highest love,

Why should my passions mix with earth, And thus debase my heavenly birth? Why should I cleave to things below, And let my God, my Saviour, go?

Call me away from flesh and sense,
One sov'reign word can draw me thence:
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

Be earth with all her scenes withdrawn, Let noise and vanity be gone; In secret silence of the mind My God, and there my Heaven I find.

CXXXI.

Do not I love Thee, O my Lord?
Behold my heart, and see;
And turn each hateful idol out,
Which dares to rival Thee.

Do not I love Thee from my soul?
Then let me nothing love!
Dead be my heart to every joy,
When Jesus cannot move.

Is not thy Name melodious still
To mine attentive ear?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound
My Saviour's voice to hear?

Hast Thou a lamb in all thy flock,
I would disdain to feed?
Hast thou a foe, before whose face
I fear thy cause to plead?

Would not my ardent spirit vie
With angels round the throne,
To execute thy sacred will,
And make thy glory known?

Would not my heart pour forth its blood In honour of thy Name, And challenge the cold hand of death To damp th' immortal flame?

Thou know'st I love Thee, dearest Lord!

But, oh! I long to soar,

Far from the sphere of mortal joys,

And learn to love Thee more.

CXXXII.

A SAINT! Oh, would that I could claim The privileged, the honoured name, And confidently take my stand, Though lowest, in the saintly band!

Would, though it were in scorn applied, That term the test of truth could bide! Like kingly salutations given In mockery to the King of Heaven.

A Saint! And what imports the name Thus bandied in derision's game? "Holy, and separate from sin; "To good, nay, even to God akin."

Is such the meaning of a name, From which a Christian shrinks with shame? Yes, dazzled with the glorious sight, He owns his crown is all too bright.

And ill might son of Adam dare Alone such honour's weight to bear; But fearlessly he takes the load, United to the Son of God. A Saint! Oh! give me but some sign, Some seal to prove the title mine, And warmer thanks Thou shalt command, Than bringing kingdoms in thine hand.

Oh! for an interest in that name, When hell shall ope its jaws of flame, And scorners to their doom be hurled, While scorned saints 'shall judge the world!'

How shall the name of saints be prized, Tho' now neglected and despised, When truth shall witness to the word, That none but saints 'shall see the Lord!'

CXXXIII.

My stock lies dead, and no increase
Doth my dull husbandry improve:
O let Thy graces, without cease,
Drop from above.

If still the sun should hide His face,
Thy house would but a dungeon prove,
Thy works, nights' captives: O let grace
Drop from above.

The dew doth every morning fall;
And shall the dew outstrip thy dove?
The dew, for which grass cannot call,
Drops from above.

Death is still working like a mole,
And digs my grave at each remove:
Let grace work too, and on my soul
Drop from above.

Sin is still hammering my heart,
Unto a hardness void of love:
Let suppl'ing grace, to cross his art,
Drop from above.

O come! for Thou dost know the way;
Or, if to me Thou wilt not move,
Remove me where I need not say
Drop from above!

CXXXIV

As o'er the past my memory strays, Why heaves the secret sigh? 'Tis that I mourn departed days, Still unprepared to die. The world and worldly things beloved,
My anxious thoughts employed;
While time unhallowed, unimproved,
Presents a fearful void.

Yet, Holy Father, wild despair
Chase from this labouring breast;
Thy grace it is which prompts the prayer;
That grace can do the rest.

My life's vast remnant all be Thine; And when Thy sure decree Bids me this fleeting breath resign— O, speed my soul to Thee!

CXXXV.

Sum up at night what thou hast done by day;
And in the morning what thou hast to do.
Dress and undress thy soul; mark the decay
And growth of it; if with thy watch, that too
Be down, then wind up both; since we shall be
More surely judged, make thy accounts agree.

CXXXVI.

When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent, which is death to hide,
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest He, returning, chide;
"Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?"
I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies:—"God doth not need
Either man's work, or his own gifts; who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve Him best; His state
Is kingly; thousands at His bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve, who only stand and wait."

VIII.

THE SHORTNESS OF TIME.

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CXXXVII.

WHEN I survey the bright
Celestial sphere,
So rich with jewels hung, that night
Doth like an Ethiop bride appear;

My soul her wings doth spread And heavenward flies, The Almighty's mysteries to read In the large volumes of the skies.

For the bright firmament Shootes forth no flame So silent; but is eloquent In speaking the Creator's Name.

No unregarded star
Contracts its light
Into so small a character,
Removed far from our human sight.

But if we stedfast looke,

We shall discerne
In it, as in some holy booke,
How man may heavenly knowledge learne:

It tells the conquerer,
That farre-stretcht powre,
Which his proud dangers traffique for,
Is but the triumphe of an houre;

That from the farthest North
Some nation may,
Yet undiscovered, issue forth,
And on his new-got conquest sway.

Some nation, yet shut in
With hills of ice,
May be let forth to scourge his sinne,
Till they shall equal him in vice.

Then they likewise shall
Their ruine have;
For, as your selves, your empires fall,
And every kingdome hath a grave.

Thus those celestial fires,
Though seeming mute,
The fallacies of our desires,
And all the pride of life confute.

For they have watcht since first
The world had birth;
And found sinne in it selfe-accurst,
And nothing permanent on earth.

CXXXVIII.

CAN he be fair, that withers at a blast? Or he be strong, that airy breath can cast? Can he be wise, that knows not how to live? Or he be rich, that nothing hath to give? Can he be young, that's feeble, weak, and wan ?--So fair, strong, wise, so rich, so young is man. So fair is man, that death, a parting blast, Blasts his fair flower, and makes him earth at last; So strong is man, that with a gasping breath He totters, and bequeaths his strength to death; So wise is man, that if with death he strive, His wisdom cannot teach him how to live: So rich is man, that, all his debts being paid, His wealth's the winding-sheet wherein he's laid; So young is man, that, broke with care and sorrow, He's old enough to-day to die to-morrow. Why bragg'st thou then, thou worm of five-foot long? Thou 'rt neither fair, nor strong, nor wise, nor rich, nor young.

CXXXIX.

Sweet day! so cool, so calm, so bright, Bridal of earth and sky, The dew shall weep thy fall to night; For thou, alas! must die. Sweet rose! in air whose odours wave,
And colours charm the eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou, alas! must die.

Sweet spring, of days and roses made, Whose charms for beauty vie, Thy days depart, thy roses fade, Thou too, alas! must die.

Be wise then, Christian, while you may
For swiftly time is flying;
The thoughtless man, that laughs to-day,
To-morrow will be dying.

CXL.

Now I live;
But if to-night?—to-morrow?—know I not.
O well for me, when I can leave my lot
All unto God!
To Him my faithful service give,
And, through His Spirit's strength,
Prepare for my account at length.

See the flower,
Which, full of brightness, in the morning shone:
It doth no longer wave the stalk upon
When evening comes.

So lasts man's glory but an hour. And canst thou, soul, thus waste A life that fleeth in such haste?

Stand thou clear

From earth. Here is thy struggle;—yonder, rest.

Up, up my soul! press forward; heaven is best!

Now hasten home.

Let earth seem distant—heaven more near.

Let earth seem distant—heaven more near. How soon this life doth fly! How soon comes that which shall not die!

Never delay

To do the duty which the hour brings,
Whether it be in great or smaller things:
For who doth know
What he shall do the coming day?
This moment is for thee;
The next, perhaps, thou wilt not see.

Father of all!
So let thy warning, "Watch," be not in vain;—
Let my soul hear,
And daily answer to the call;—
Then sudden death shall be
But a quick step to life and Thee.

CXLI.

The glories of our mortal state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armour against Fate;
Death lays his icy hand on kings:

Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field, And plant fresh laurels where they kill; But their strong nerves at length must yield; They tame but one another still:

Early or late
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath,
When they, poor captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow,
Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
Upon Death's purple altar now,
See where the victor victim bleeds!

All heads must come
To the cold tomb:
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom from the dust.

CXLII.

LIKE to the falling of a star,
Or as the flights of eagles are,
Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,
Or silver drops of morning dew;
Or like a wind that chafes the flood,
Or bubbles which on water stood:
Even such is man, whose borrowed light
Is straight called in, and paid to-night.
The wind blows out, the bubble dies;
The spring entombed in autumn lies;
The dew dries up, the star is shot;
The flight is past,—and man forgot.

CXLIII.

As withereth the primrose by the river,
As fadeth summer's sun from gliding fountains,
As vanisheth the light-blown bubble ever,
As melteth snow upon the mossy mountains;
So melts, so vanishes, so fades, so withers
The rose, the shine, the bubble, and the snow,
Of praise, pomp, glory, joy (which short life gathers),
Fair praise, vain pomp, sweet glory, brittle joy!

The withered primrose by the morning river,
The faded summer's sun, from weeping fountains,
The light blown, vanished for ever,
The molten snow upon the naked mountains,
Are emblems that the treasures we uplay,

Are emblems that the treasures we uplay, Soon wither, vanish, fade and melt away.

CXLIV.

WAGES of sin is death: the day is come, Wherein the equal hand of death must sum The several items of man's fading glory Into the easy total of one story. The brows that sweat for kingdoms and renown. To glorify their temples with a crown; At length grow cold, and leave their honoured name To flourish in the uncertain blast of fame. This is the height that glorious mortals can Attain; this is the highest pitch of man. The mighty conqueror of the earth's great ball, Whose unconfined limits were too small For his extreme ambition to deserve,— Six feet of length and three of breadth must serve. This is the highest pitch that man can fly; While, after all his triumph, he must die.

Lives he in wealth? Doth well-deserved store Limit his wish, that he can wish no more? And does the fairest bounty of increase
Crown him with plenty, and his days with peace?
It is a right-hand blessing: but supply
Of wealth cannot secure him;—he must die.
Lives he in pleasure? Does perpetual mirth
Lend him a little heaven upon this earth?
Meets he no sudden care, no sudden loss
To cool his joys? Breathes he without a cross?
Wants he no pleasure that his wanton eye
Can crave or hope from fortune?—He must die.

Lives he in honour? hath his fair desert Obtained the freedom of his prince's heart? Or may his more familiar hands disburse His liberal favours from the royal purse? Alas! his honour cannot soar too high For pale-faced Death to follow;—he must die.

Lives he a conqueror? and doth heaven bless His heart with spirit, that spirit with success; Success with glory; glory with a name To live with the eternity of fame? The progress of his lasting fame may vie With time: but yet the conqueror must die.

Great and good God! thou Lord of life and death, In whom the creature hath its being, breath; Teach me to under-prize this life, and I Shall find my loss the easier when I die. So raise my feeble thoughts and dull desire, That, when these vain and weary days expire, I may discard my flesh with joy, and quit My better part of this false earth, and it Of some more sin; and for this transitory And tedious life enjoy a life of glory.

CXLV.

What is this passing scene?
A peevish April-day!
A little sun,—a little rain,—
And then night sweeps along the plain,
And all things fade away:
Man (soon discussed)
Yields up his trust;

And all his hopes and fears lie with him in the dust!

And what is beauty's power?

It flourishes and dies.

Will the cold earth its silence break,

To tell how soft, how smooth a cheek

Beneath its surface lies?

Mute, mute is all

O'er beauty's fall; r praise resounds no more whe

Her praise resounds no more when mantled in her pall. The most beloved on earth
Not long survives to-day;
So music past is obsolete,
And yet 'twas sweet, 'twas passing sweet,
But now 'tis gone away:
Thus does the shade
In memory fade,
When in forsaken tomb the form beloved is laid!

Then since this world is vain
And volatile and fleet,
Why should I lay up earthly joys,
Where rust corrupts and moth destroys,

And cares and sorrows eat?
Why fly from ill
With anxious skill,

When soon this hand will freeze, this throbbing heart lie still?

CXLVI.

CHILD of the dust! if e'er thine eye
Hast watch'd the torrent flow,
Where, distant from its source on high,
It sweeps the vale below,
Then hast thou seen a silent force
Pervade its current strong;
No sound, no ripple, marks its course,
And yet it speeds along.

'Tis noiseless thus, yet swift as thought,
The stream of Time rolls by;
And thus, though man regards them not,
His precious moments fly.
A few brief days, in splendour bright,
Yon glorious orb has shone;
Add next a few returns of night,
And, lo, a year is gone!

Lord! grant me grace these seasons fleet
To Thee alone to spend,
That I with joy thy face may meet,
When life's short course shall end:
And teach me on that Saviour's love
To build my only trust,
Who, though he fills a throne above,
Was once allied to dust.

Oh then, while days and years shall glide
In silent speed away,
My soul shall view the ebbing tide,
But know no sad dismay;
For still my Saviour-God shall be
At hand, though unperceiv'd,
And I Salvation nearer see
Than when I first believ'd.

CXLVII.

Knell of departed years,

Thy voice is sweet to me:

It wakes no sad foreboding fears,
Calls forth no sympathetic tears,

Time's restless course to see;

From hallowed ground

I hear the sound,
Diffusing through the air a holy calm around.

Thou art the voice of love,

To chide each doubt away;

And as thy murmur faintly dies,

Visions of past enjoyments rise

In long and bright array;

I hail the sign

That love divine

Will o'er my future path in cloudless mercy shine.

Thou art the voice of hope;
The music of the spheres,
A song of blessings yet to come,
A herald from my future home,
My soul delighted hears:
By sin deceived,
By nature grieved,
Still am I nearer rest than when I first believed.

Thou art the voice of life:

A sound which seems to say,
O prisoner in this gloomy vale,
Thy flesh shall faint, thy heart shall fail;
Yet fairer scenes thy spirit hail

That cannot pass away:

Here, grief and pain Thy steps detain:

There, in the image of the Lord, shalt thou with Jesus reign.

CXLVIII.

FAIR daffodills! we weep to see You haste away so soon; As yet the early rising sun Hath not attained his noon:

Stay, stay
Until the hastening day
Hath run
But to the even-song;

And having prayed together, we Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay, as you: We have as short a spring,
As quick a growth to meet decay,
As you, or any thing;

We die,
As your hours do, and dry
Away;
Like to the summer rain;

Like to the summer rain; Or as the pearls of morning dew, Ne'er to be found again.

CXLIX.

THE bell strikes one. We take no note of time
But from its loss: to give it then a tongue
Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,
I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,
It is the knell of my departed hours.
Where are they? With the years beyond the flood.
It is the signal that demands despatch:
How much is to be done? My hopes and fears
Start up alarmed, and o'er life's narrow verge
Look down—on what? A fathomless abyss,
A dread eternity, how surely mine!
And can eternity belong to me,
Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour?
How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful is man!

How passing wonder He who made him such!

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Who centre'd in our make such strange extremes, From different natures marvellously mixed. Connexion exquisite, of distant worlds! Distinguish'd link in beings' endless chain! Midway from nothing to the Deity! A beam ethereal, sullied and absorpt! Though sullied and dishonoured, still divine! Dim miniature of greatness absolute! An heir of glory! a frail child of dust! Helpless immortal! insect infinite! A worm! a god!—I tremble at myself, And in myself am lost. At home a stranger; Thought wanders up and down, surprised, aghast, And wondering at her own. How reason reels! O what a miracle to man is man! Triumphantly distressed! what joy! what dread! Alternately transported and alarm'd! What can preserve my life? or what destroy? An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave, Legions of angels can't confine me there.

CL.

This shadow on the dial's face,
That steals from day to day,
With slow, unseen, unceasing pace,
Moments, and months, and years away;

This shadow, which, in every clime,
Since light and motion first began,
Hath held its course sublime;
What is it? mortal man!
It is the scythe of time:—
A shadow only to the eye;
Yet, in its calm career,
It levels all beneath the sky;
And still, through each succeeding year,
Right onward, with resistless power,
Its stroke shall darken every hour,
Till nature's race be run,
And time's last shadow shall eclipse the sun.

Nor only o'er the dial's face,
This silent phantom, day by day,
With slow, unseen, unceasing pace,
Steals moments, months, and years away;
From hoary rock, and aged tree,
From proud Palmyra's mouldering walls,
From Teneriffe, towering o'er the sea,
From every blade of grass, it falls;
For still where'er a shadow sweeps,
The scythe of time destroys,
And man at every footstep weeps
O'er evanescent joys;

Like flowerets glittering with the dews of morn, Fair for a moment, then for ever shorn:—

Ah! soon, beneath the inevitable blow,
I too shall lie, in dust and darkness low.

Then time, the conqueror, will suspend
His scythe, a trophy, o'er my tomb,
Whose moving shadow shall portend
Each frail beholder's doom.
O'er the wide earth's illumined space,
Though time's triumphant flight be shown,—
The truest index on its face,
Points from the churchyard stone.

CLI.

Man is not left untold, untaught,
Untrained to heaven by heavenly things;
No! every fleeting hour has brought
Lessons of wisdom on its wings;
And every day bids solemn thought
Soar above earth's imaginings.

In life, in death, a voice is heard,
Speaking in heaven's own eloquence,
That calls on purposes deferred,
On wandering thought, on wildering sense,
And bids reflection, long interred,
Arouse from its indifference.

The present, future, and the past, It offers to our thoughtless eye; That present is too short to last—That past is gone for ever by; That future comes—a stormy blast That sweeps us to eternity.

CLII.

FAIR pledges of a fruitful tree,
Why do ye fall so fast?
Your date is not so past,
But you may stay yet here awhile,
To blush and gently smile,
And go at last.

What, were ye born to be
An hour or half's delight,
And so to bid 'Good-night?'
'Twas pity Nature brought ye forth
Merely to show your worth,
And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we May read how soon things have Their end, though ne'er so brave; And after they have shown their pride.

Like you, awhile, they glide
Into the grave.

CLIII.

STRANGER, whoe'er thou art, that stoop'st to taste These sweeter streams, let me arrest thy haste;

Nor of their fall,

The murmurs (though the lyre Less sweet be) stand to admire;

But, as you shall

See from this marble tun, The liquid crystal run,

And mark withal

And mark with

How fix'd the one abides,

How fast the other glides.

Instructed thus, the difference learn to see 'Twixt mortal life and immortality.

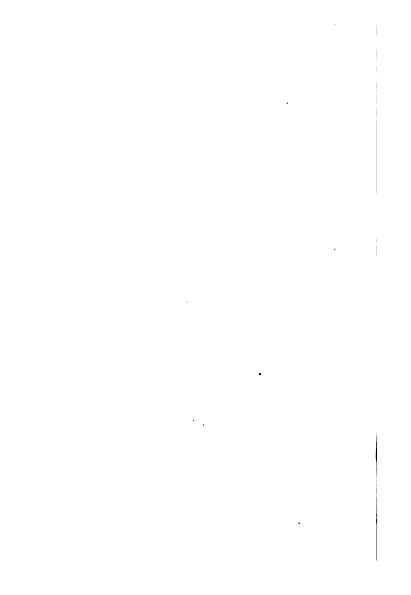
CLIV.

PAUSE here, and think: a monitory rhyme Demands one moment of thy fleeting time.

Consult life's silent clock, thy bounding vein;
Seems it to say—"Health here has long to reign?"
Hast thou the vigour of thy youth? an eye
That beams delight? a heart untaught to sigh?
Yet fear:—Youth, off-times, healthful and at ease,
Anticipates a day it never sees:
And many a tomb, like Hamilton's, aloud
Exclaims, "Prepare thee for an early shroud."

IX.

SICKNESS AND DEATH.



CLV.

How sweet the hour of closing day, When all is peaceful and serene; And the broad sun's retiring ray Sheds a mild lustre o'er the scene!

Such is the Christian's parting hour, So peacefully he sinks to rest; When faith, endued from heaven with power, Strengthens and cheers his languid breast.

Mark but that radiance of his eye, That smile upon his wasted cheek! They tell us of his glory nigh, In language which no tongue can speak!

A beam from heaven is sent to cheer The pilgrim on his gloomy road; And angels are attending near, To bear him to their bright abode.

Who would not wish to die like those Whom God's own Spirit deigns to bless! To sink into that soft repose, Then wake to perfect happiness!

CLVI.

"Servant of God, well done!
Rest from thy lov'd employ:
The battle fought, the vict'ry won,
Enter thy Master's joy"—
The voice at midnight came,
He started up to hear;
A mortal arrow pierc'd his frame,
He fell—but felt no fear.

Tranquil amidst alarms,
It found him on the field,
A veteran slumb'ring on his arms,
Beneath his red-cross shield.
His sword was in his hand,
Still warm with recent fight,
Ready that moment, at command,
Through rock and steel to smite.

It was a two-edg'd blade,
Of heavenly temper keen;
And double were the wounds it made,
Where'er it glanc'd between.
'Twas death to sin—'twas life
To all who mourn'd for sin:
It kindled and it silenc'd strife—
Made war and peace within.

Oft with its fiery force
His arm had quell'd the foe,
And laid, resistless in his course,
The alien-armies low.
Bent on such glorious toils,
The world to him was loss:
Yet all his trophies, all his spoils,
He hung upon the Cross.

At midnight came the cry,
"To meet thy God prepare!"

He woke—and caught his Captain's eye!

Then, strong in faith and prayer,
His spirit, with a bound,
Left its encumb'ring clay!

His tent, at sunrise, on the ground,
A darken'd ruin lay.

The pains of death are past,
Labour and sorrow cease;
And life's long warfare clos'd at last,
His soul is found in peace.
Soldier of Christ, well done!
Praise be thy new employ;
And while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy!

CLVII.

REST from thy labour, rest, Soul of the just, set free! Blest be thy memory, and blest Thy bright example be.

Faith, perseverance, zeal,
Language of light and power,
Love, prompt to act and quick to feel,
Mark'd thee, till life's last hour.

Now, toil and conflict o'er, Go, take with saints thy place: But go as each hath gone before, A sinner saved by grace.

Lord Christ! into thy hands
Our pastor we resign:
And now we wait thy own commands;
We were not HIS, but THINE.

Thou art thy Church's Head; And when the members die, Thou raisest others in their stead: To Thee we lift our eye;— On Thee our hopes depend:
We gather round our Rock:
Send whom Thou wilt; but condescend
Thyself to feed thy flock.

CLVIII.

On! sweet and sacred is the rest Round the departed Christian's breast; Serene the pillow of his head, And sanctified his funeral bed.

Upon his grave the moonlight beam Shines smiling—and the dews on him Fall soft as on the loveliest flower That decks the field or crowns the bower.

And if the sad and sorrowing tear Be sometimes shed in silence there, Religion's ray that tear shall light, And make it as a dew-drop bright.

Then on the earth's maternal breast In peaceful hope and joy we'll rest; And yield us to death's slumber deep, As infants calmly sink to sleep.

CLIX.

In vain our fancy strives to paint
The moment after death;
The glories which surround the saint,
When yielding up his breath.

One gentle sigh his fetters breaks!
We scarce can say, "He's gone!"
Before the willing spirit takes
Her mansion near the throne.

Faith strives, but all its efforts fail,
To trace her in her flight:
No eye can pierce within the veil
Which hides that world of light.

Thus much (and this is all) we know—
They are supremely blest;
Have done with sin, and care, and woe,
And with their Saviour rest.

In heavenly strains His Name they praise, His face they always view;— And if we here their footsteps trace, There we shall praise Him too.

CLX.

How brightly to a Christian's trembling eye
Shine, of his sojourn here, the later hours,
When faith's refulgence, falling from the sky,
Her golden radiance o'er his sunset showers!
Sweet is the thought of ceaseless rest in heaven,
That fairer land than even Eden's bowers,
Where sin is sown not, and whence woe is driven,
And of all sorrows past, forgetfulness is given.

CLXI

FRIEND after friend departs:—
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts,
Which finds not here an end.
Were this frail world our final rest,
Living or dying, none were blest.

Beyond the flight of time,
Beyond the reign of death,
There surely is some blessed clime
Where life is not a breath;
Nor life's affections, transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upward and expire.

There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown;
A long eternity of love,
Form'd for the good alone.
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that glorious sphere.

Thus star by star declines,

Till all are past away;

As morning high and higher shines

To pure and perfect day:

Nor sink those stars in empty night,

But hide themselves in heaven's own light.

CLXII.

O YE, who, with the frequent tear And sadden'd step, assemble here, To bear these cold yet lov'd remains, Where dark and cheerless silence reigns, Your sorrows hush, your griefs dispel, The Saviour lives—All, All is well!

Let Unbelief lament or frown, To see so fair a flower cut down; But Faith shall still direct her eye, Amidst her tears, to yonder sky, And on this firm assurance dwell, The Saviour lives, and All is well! Those eyes, indeed, are rayless now,
And pale that cheek, and chill that brow;
Yet could that lifeless form declare
The joys its soul is call'd to share,
How would those lips rejoice to tell,
The Saviour lives—All, All is well!

Oh were it but to mortals given
To hear, through yonder vault of heaven,
The strains which ransom'd spirits sing,
Thus would the joyous descant ring—
"The Lord, who sav'd our souls from hell,
The Saviour lives, and All is well!"

Then let us now no more repine,
But all the glorious anthem join;
And, while our fondest hopes decay,
Still learn to wipe our tears away,
And loud the heavenly chorus swell—
"The Saviour lives—All, All is well!"

CLXIII.

In age and feebleness extreme,
Who shall a helpless worm redeem!
Jesus! my only Hope Thou art,
Strength of my failing flesh and heart!
Oh let me catch a smile from Thee,
And drop into Eternity!

CLXIV.

Off as the bell, with solemn toll, Speaks the departure of a soul, Let each one ask himself, "Am I Prepar'd, should I be call'd to die?"

Only this frail and fleeting breath Preserves me from the jaws of death: Soon as it fails, at once I'm gone, And plunged into a world unknown—

Then, leaving all I lov'd below,
To God's tribunal I must go;
Must hear the Judge pronounce my fate,
And fix my everlasting state.

But could I bear to hear him say, "Depart, accursed, far away! With Satan, in the lowest hell, Thou art for ever doom'd to dwell!"

Lord Jesus! help me now to flee, And seek my hope alone in Thee: Apply thy blood, thy Spirit give, Subdue my sin, and let me liveThen, when the solemn bell I hear, If sav'd from guilt, I need not fear; Nor would the thought distressing be, "Perhaps it next may toll for me!"

Rather, my spirit would rejoice; And long, and wish, to hear thy voice—Glad when it bids me earth resign, Secure of heaven, if Thou art mine.

CLXV.

When faith and love, which parted from thee never,
Had ripened thy just soul to dwell with God,
Meekly thou didst resign this earthly load
Of death, called life; which us from life doth sever.
Thy works, and alms, and all thy good endeavour,
Staid not behind, nor in the grave were trod;
But, as faith pointed with her golden rod,
Followed thee up to joy and bliss for ever!
Love led them on, and faith, who knew them best,
Thy handmaids, clad them o'er with purple beams
And azure wings, that up they flew so dressed,
And spake the truth of thee in glorious themes
Before the Judge; who thenceforth bid thee rest,
And drink thy fill of pure immortal streams.

CLXVI.

When musing sorrow weeps the past, And mourns the present pain, How sweet to think of peace at last, And feel that death is gain!

'Tis not, that murm'ring thoughts arise, And dread a Father's will; 'Tis not, that meek submission flies, And would not suffer still:

It is, that heaven-born Faith surveys
The path to realms of light;
And longs her eagle plumes to raise,
And lose herself in sight:

It is, that Hope with ardour glows
To see Him face to face,
Whose dying love no language knows
Sufficient art to trace:

It is, that harass'd Conscience feels
The pangs of struggling sin;
Sees, from afar, the hand which heals,
And ends her wars within.

Oh let me wing my hallow'd flight, From earth-born woe and care, And soar above these clouds of night, My Saviour's bliss to share!

CLXVII.

THESE hearts, alas! cleave to the dust By strong and endless ties; Whilst every sorrow cuts a string, And urges us to rise.

When heaven would kindly set us free, And earth's enchantment end, It takes the most effectual way, And robs us of a friend.

Resign—and all the load of life
That moment you remove;
Its heavy load, ten thousand cares,
Devolve on One above—

Who bids us lay our burden down On His Almighty hand; Softens our duty to relief, To blessing a command.

CLXVIII.

EARTH! guard what here we lay in holy trust;
That which hath left our home a darkened place,
Wanting the form, the smile, now veiled in dust,
The light departed with our loveliest face.
Yet from thy bonds undying hope springs free—
We have but *lent* our beautiful to thee.

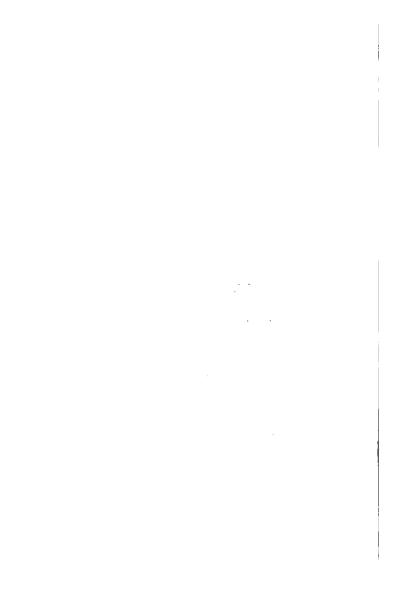
But thou, oh heaven! keep, keep what thou hast taken,
And with our tears O keep our hearts on high!
The spirit meek, and yet by pain unshaken,
The faith, the love, the lofty constancy,
Guide us where these are with our sister flown
They were of Thee, and thou hast claimed thine own.

CLXIX.

Forgive, blest shade, the tributary tear,
That mourns thy exit from a world like this;
Forgive the wish that would have kept thee here,
And stayed thy progress to the seats of bliss.

No more confined to grovelling scenes of night, No more a tenant pent in mortal clay; Now should we rather hail thy glorious flight, And track thy journey to the realms of day. XI.

HEAVEN.



CLXX.

Even thus amid thy pride and luxury,

O earth! shall that last coming burst on thee,
That secret coming of the Son of man;
When all the cherub-throning clouds shall shine,
Irradiate with his bright advancing sign;
When that Great Husbandman shall wave his fan,
Sweeping, like chaff, thy wealth and pomp away:
Still to the noon-tide of that nightless day,
Shalt thou thy wonted dissolute course maintain.
Along the busy mart and crowded street,
The buyer and the seller still shall meet,
And marriage feasts begin their jocund strain:

And marriage leasts begin their jocund strain:
Still to the pouring out the cup of woe;
Till earth, a drunkard, reeling to and fro,
And mountains molten by his burning feet,
And heaven, his presence own, all red with furnace heat.

The hundred-gated cities then,
The towers and temples, named of men
Eternal, and the thrones of kings;
The gilded summer palaces,

The courtly bowers of love and ease,
Where still the bird of pleasure sings;
Ask ye the destiny of them?
Go gaze on fallen Jerusalem!

Yea, mightier names are in the fatal roll,

'Gainst earth and heaven God's standard is unfurled,
The skies are shrivelled like a burning scroll,
And the vast common doom ensepulchres the world.
Oh! who shall then survive?
Oh! who shall stand and live?
When all that hath been is no more:
When for the round earth hung in air,
With all its constellations fair,
In the sky's azure canopy:
When for the breathing earth, and sparkling sea,
Is but a fiery deluge without shore,
Heaving along the abyss profound and dark,

A fiery deluge, and without an ark.

Lord of all power, when thou art there alone
On thy eternal fiery-wheeled throne,
That in its high meridian noon
Needs not the perished sun nor moon:
When thou art there in thy presiding state,
Wide-sceptred monarch o'er the realm of doom:
When from the sea depths, from earth's darkest womb,
The dead of all the ages round Thee wait:

And when the tribes of wickedness are strewn
Like forest leaves in the autumn of thine ire:
Faithful and true! thou still wilt save thine own:
The saints shall dwell within th'unharming fire,
Each white robe spotless, blooming every palm.

Even safe as we, by this still fountain's side,
So shall the church, thy bright and mystic bride,
Sit on the stormy gulf a halcyon bird of calm.
Yes, mid you angry and destroying signs,
O'er us the rainbow of thy mercy shines,
We hail, we bless the covenant of its beam,
Almighty to avenge, almightiest to redeem!

CLXXI.

Thou God of glorious Majesty,
To Thee, against myself, to Thee,
A worm of earth, I cry;
A half-awaken'd child of man;
An heir of endless bliss or pain;
A sinner born to die!

Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas, I stand,
Secure! insensible!
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to that heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell.

O God, mine inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress!
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteousness.

Before me place, in dread array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When Thou with clouds shalt come,
To judge the nations at thy bar;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,
To meet a joyful doom?

Be this my one great business here,
With holy diligence and fear
To make my calling sure;
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.

Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
Transported from this vale, to live
And reign with Thee above;
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope, in full, supreme delight
And everlasting love.

CLXXII.

THAT day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day?
When, shrivelling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead!

Oh! on that day, that wrathful day, When man to judgment wakes from clay, Be God the trembling sinner's stay, Though heaven and earth shall pass away

CLXXIII.

THE last loud trumpet's wondrous sound Shall through the rending tombs rebound, And wake the nations under ground.

Nature and death shall with surprise Behold the pale offenders rise, And view the Judge with conscious eyes.

Then shall, with universal dread, The sacred, mystic book be read, To try the living and the dead. The Judge ascends his awful throne; He makes each secret sin be known, And all with shame confess their own.

O then! what interest shall I make, With whom shall I my refuge take, When the most just have cause to quake?

Thou mighty, formidable King, Thou mercy's unexhausted spring, Some comfortable pity bring!

Forget not what my ransom cost, Nor let my dear-bought soul be lost, In storms of guilty terror tost.

Thou who for me didst feel such pain, Whose precious blood the cross did stain, Let not those agonies be vain!

Thou whom avenging powers obey, Cancel my debt (too great to pay) Before the last accounting day.

Surrounded with amazing fears, Whose weight my soul with anguish bears, I sigh, I weep;—accept my tears:

Thou who wert moved with Mary's grief, And, by absolving of the thief, Hast given me hope, now give relief.

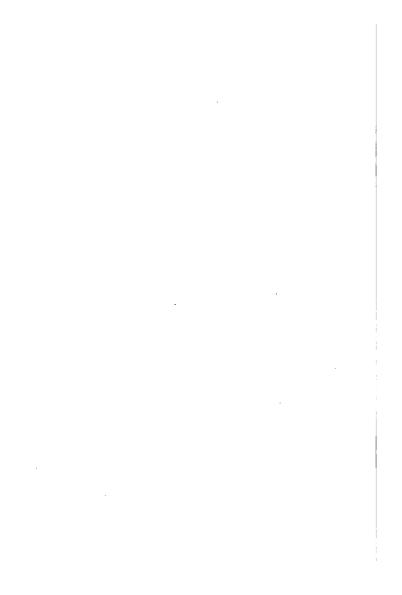
CLXXIV.

Wно would not be a Christian! Who but now Would share the Christian's triumph and his hope! His triumph is begun. 'Tis his to hail, Amid the chaos of a world convulsed. A new creation rising. 'Mid the gloom Which wraps the low concerns of states and kings, He marks the morning star; sees the far East Blush with the purple dawn; he hears a trump. Louder than all the clarions, and the clang Of horrid war, swelling, and revelling still, In lengthening notes, its all-awakening call-The trump of jubilee. Are there not signs, Thunders and voices in the troubled air? Do ye not see, upon the mountain tops, Beacon to beacon answering? Who can tell But all the harsh and dissonant sounds, which long Have been, are still, disquieting the earth, Are but the tuning of the varying parts For the grand chorus, which shall usher in The hastening triumph of the Prince of Peace! Yes, His shall be the kingdoms. He shall come, Ye scoffers at his tarrying. Hear ye not, E'en now, the thunder of his wheels? Awake, Thou slumb'ring world! Ev'n now the symphonies Of that blest song are floating through the air-"Peace, peace on earth, and glory be to God!"



X.

JUDGMENT.



CLXXV.

LORD of the Sabbath, hear our vows, On this thy day, in this thine house; And own, as grateful sacrifice, The songs which from the desert rise.

Thine earthly sabbaths, Lord, we love: But there's a nobler rest above; To that our labouring souls aspire With ardent hope and strong desire.

No more fatigue, no more distress, Nor sin, nor death, shall reach that place; No tears shall mingle with the songs That warble from immortal tongues.

No rude alarms of raging foes, No cares to break the long repose, No midnight shade, no clouded sun,— But sacred, high, eternal noon.

O long expected day, begin; Dawn on these realms of woe and sin; Fain would we leave this weary road, And sleep in death, to rest with God.

CLXXVI.

BROTHER, thou art gone before us,
And thy saintly soul is flown
Where tears are wiped from every eye,
And sorrow is unknown;
From the burthen of the flesh,
And from care and fear released,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

The toilsome way thou'st travelled o'er,
And borne the heavy load,
But Christ hath taught thy languid feet
To reach his blest abode.
Thou'rt sleeping now, like Lazarus
Upon his Father's breast,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

Sin can never taint thee now,
Nor doubt thy faith assail,
Nor thy meek trust in Jesus Christ
And the Holy Spirit fail.
And there thou'rt sure to meet the good,
Whom on earth thou lovedst best,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

"Earth to earth," and "Dust to dust,"
The solemn priest hath said,
So we lay the turf above thee now,
And we seal thy narrow bed:
But thy spirit, brother, soars away
Among the faithful blest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

And when the Lord shall summon us,
Whom thou hast left behind,
May we, untainted by the world,
As sure a welcome find;
May each, like thee, depart in peace,
To be a glorious guest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

CLXXVII.

Zion!—Jehovah is her strength!
Secure, she smiles at all her foes;
And weary travellers at length
Within her sacred walls repose.

Oh! sweet abode of peace and love,
Where pilgrims, freed from toil, are blest!
Had I the pinions of the dove,
I'd fly to thee, and be at rest.

But hush, my soul, nor dare repine!
The time my God appoints is best:
While here, to do his will be mine;
And His to fix my time of rest.

CLXXVIII.

When the dangerous rocks are past,—
When the threatening tempests cease,—
Oh! how sweet to rest at last
In a silent port of peace.

Though that port may be unknown,
Though no chart its name may bear;
Brightly beams its light on one,
Blest to find his refuge there.

Life! thou art the storm—the rock;
Death! the friendly port thou art;
Haven from the tempest's shock,
Welcoming the wanderer's heart.

CLXXIX.

O ZION! when I think on thee, I long for pinions like the dove, And mourn to think that I should be So distant from the place I love.

A captive here, and far from home, For Zion's sacred walls I sigh; To Zion all the ransomed come, And see the Saviour eye to eye.

While here, I walk on hostile ground,
The few that I can call my friends
Are, like myself, with fetters bound,
And weariness our steps attends.

But yet we shall behold the day, When Zion's children shall return; Our sorrows then shall flee away, And we shall never, never mourn.

The hope that such a day will come,
Makes even the captive's portion sweet;
Though now we wander far from home,
In Zion soon we all shall meet.

CLXXX.

DEATHLESS principle, arise!
Soar, thou native of the skies!
Pearl of price, by Jesus bought,
To His glorious likeness wrought,
Go, to shine before His throne;
Deck his Mediatorial crown.
Go, His triumphs to adorn;
Made for God, to God return.

Lo! He beckons from on High!
Fearless to His presence fly:
Thine the merit of His blood,
Thine the righteousness of God!
Angels, joyful to attend,
Hov'ring, round thy pillow bend;
Wait, to catch the signal given,
And escort thee quick to heaven.

Is thy earthly house distrest, Willing to retain its guest? 'Tis not thou, but it, must die. Fly, celestial tenant, fly! Burst thy shackles, drop thy clay, Sweetly breathe thyself away! Singing, to thy crown remove, Swift of wing, and fir'd with love.

Shudder not to pass the stream; Venture all thy care on Him—Him, whose dying love and power Still'd its tossing, hush'd its roar. Safe is the expanded wave: Gentle as a summer's eve. Not one object of His care Ever suffer'd shipwreck there.

See the haven full in view!
Love divine shall bear thee through.
Trust to that propitious gale;
Weigh thy anchor, spread thy sail.
Saints in glory, perfect made,
Wait thy passage through the shade:
Ardent for thy coming o'er,
See! they throng the blissful shore!

CLXXXI.

"I HEAR thee speak of the better land; Thou callest its children a happy band: Mother! oh! where is that radiant shore?— Shall we not seek it, and weep no more?— Is it where the flower of the orange blows,

And the fire-flies dance through the myrtle bows?"

"-Not there-not there, my child!"

"Is it where the feathery palm-tres rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies?
Or midst the green islands of glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze;
And strange bright birds, on their starry wings,
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?"
—"Not there—not there, my child!"

"Is it far away, in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold?—
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand,
Is it there, sweet mother,—that better land?"
—"Not there—not there, my child!"

"Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy!

Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy;

Dreams cannot picture a world so fair—

Sorrow and death may not enter there;

Time does not breathe on its fadeless bloom,

For beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb,

It is there—it is there, my child!"

CLXXXII.

As when the weary trav'ller gains
The height of some o'er-looking hill,
His heart revives, if 'cross the plains,
He eyes his home, though distant still—

While he surveys the much-loy'd spot, He slights the space which lies between; His past fatigues are now forgot, Because his journey's end is seen:

Thus, when the Christian Pilgrim views By faith his mansion in the skies, The sight his fainting strength renews, And wings his speed to reach the prize:

The thought of home his spirit cheers, No more he grieves for troubles past; Nor any future trials fears, So he may reach his home at last.

"Tis there," he says, "I am to dwell With Jesus in the realms of day; Then shall I bid my cares farewell, And He shall wipe my tears away!" Jesus, on Thee our hope depends, To lead us on to thine abode; Assur'd our home will make amends For all our toil while on the road.

CLXXXIII.

What sinners value, I resign; Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine: I shall behold thy blissful face, And stand complete in righteousness.

This life's a dream, an empty show; But the bright world to which I go Hath joys substantial and sincere; When shall I wake and find me there?

O glorious hour! O blest abode! I shall be near and like my God! And flesh and sin no more control The sacred pleasures of the soul.

My flesh shall slumber in the ground Till the last trumpet's joyful sound: Then burst the chains with sweet surprise, And in my Saviour's image rise.

XII.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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CLXXXIV.

Religion walks not in the noonday blaze. With pedant pomp, that giddy men may gaze; Her's is the soul sincere—the bashful heart: She moves in silence through life's noisy mart. Humility informs her mien divine, And calm retirement is her holy shrine. She goes not forth plumed in audacious pride. With canting affectation by her side: But those her gentle spirit would reclaim From folly's mazes, and the path of shame, She bears in prayer to Him, whose glorious part It is to change as well as rule the heart: And, by her meek example, strives to teach Where vanity would prompt to stand and preach! Nor will she e'er to slander condescend: She veils the feelings which she cannot mend, A friend to all that heart must ever prove, Whose every thought and feeling still is love, And still her gentle step will linger near The spot which misery moistens with a tear: When her soft hand, unknown to all, may pour The cordial to disease, and health restore; Or, under cloud of night, while luxury sleeps, And penury alone his vigil keeps,

She takes her way to where the cottage low Lies buried in a mass of drifted snow, And there depositing her generous boon, Glides silently away beneath the moon; Leaving its inmates in amazement deep, Too happy to enjoy or wish for sleep; While she retires, far from their grateful lays, Well pleased, if good is done, to lose the praise.

CLXXXV.

I MET a fairy child, whose golden hair
Around her sunny face in clusters hung;
And as she wove her king-cup chain, she sang
Her household melodies—those strains that bear
The hearer back to Eden. Surely ne'er
A brighter vision blest my dreams. "Whose child
Art thou," I said, "sweet girl?" In accents mild
She answer'd, "Mother's." When I questioned, "Where
Her dwelling was,"—again she answered, "Home!"
Mother! and Home? O blessed ignorance!
Or rather blessed knowledge! What advance
Further than this shall all the years to come,
With all their lore, effect? There are but given
Two names of higher note,—"Father," and "Heaven."

CLXXXVI.

As when a felon, whom his country's laws Have justly doom'd for some atrocious cause. Expects in darkness and heart-chilling fears, The shameful close of all his misspent years; If chance, on heavy pinions slowly borne. A tempest usher in the dreadful morn. Upon his dungeon walls the lightnings play, The thunder seems to summon him away: The warder at the door his key applies, Shoots back the bolt, and all his courage dies: If then, just then, all thought of mercy lost, When Hope, long lingering, at last yields the ghost, The sound of pardon pierce his startled ear, He drops at once his fetters and his fear: A transport glows in all he looks and speaks. And the first thankful tears bedew his cheeks. Joy, far superior joy, that much outweighs The comfort of a few poor added days, Invades, possesses, and o'erwhelms the soul Of him, whom Hope has with a touch made whole. 'Tis heaven, all heaven, descending on the wings Of the glad legions of the King of kings: 'Tis more-'tis God diffused through every part, 'Tis God himself triumphant in his heart.

O welcome now the sun's once hated light,
His noon-day beams were never half so bright!
Not kindred minds alone are called to employ
Their hours, their days, in listening to his joy;
Unconscious nature, all that he surveys,
Rocks, groves, and streams, must join him in his praise.

CLXXXVII.

THE cheerful supper done, with serious face,

They round the ingle form the circle wide;
The Sire turns o'er, with patriarchal grace,
The big Ha'-Bible, once his father's pride:
His bonnet reverently is laid aside,
His lyart haffets wearing thin and bare;
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
He wales a portion with judicious care;
And "Let us worship God!" he says with solemn air.

They chaunt their artless notes in simple guise;
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim;
Perhaps Dundee's wild warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive Martyr's, worthy of the name;
Or noble Elgin's fans the heavenward flame,
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays.
Compared with these, Italian trills are tame:
The tickled ears no heartfelt raptures raise;
No unison have they with our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page, How Abraham was the friend of God on high; Or. Moses bade eternal warfare wage With Amalek's ungracious progeny; Or, how the royal bard did groaning lie Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire; Or, Job's pathetic plaint and wailing cry; Or, rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire; Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre. Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme, How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed; How He, who ruled in heaven with power supreme, Had not on earth whereon to lay His head: How His first followers and servants sped; The precepts sage they wrote to many a land: How he, who lone in Patmos banished,

How he, who lone in Patmos banished, Saw in the Sun a mighty angel stand; And heard great Babylon's doom pronounced by

rd great Babylon's doom pronounced by Heaven's command.

Then, kneeling down, to Heaven's eternal King, The saint, the father, and the husband, prays: Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wings,"

That thus they all shall meet in future days,

There ever bask in uncreated rays,

No more to sigh, nor shed the bitter tear,

Together hymning their Creator's praise, In such society, yet still more dear,

While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere

Compared with this, how poor religion's pride,
In all the pomp of method and of art,
When men display, to congregations wide,
Devotion's every grace except the heart!
The Power, incensed the pageant will desert,
The pompous train, the sacerdotal stole;
But haply, in some cottage far apart,
May hear, well pleased, the language of the soul,
And in his book of life the inmates poor enrol.

CLXXXVIII.

The scene around me disappears,
And, borne to ancient regions,
While Time recalls the flight of years,
I see angelic legions
Descending in an orb of light,
Amidst the dark and silent night,
I hear celestial voices.

"Tidings, glad tidings from above,
To every age and nation;
Tidings, glad tidings,—God is love,
To man he sends redemption.
His Son beloved, His only Son,
The work of mercy hath begun;
Give to His Name the glory."

Through David's city I am led;
Here all around are sleeping:
A light directs to yon poor shed,
There lonely watch is keeping:
I enter;—ah! what glories shine!
Is this Immanuel's earthly shrine,
Messiah's infant temple?

It is, it is: and I adore
This Stranger meek and lowly,
As saints and seraphs bow before
The throne of God thrice holy;
Faith through the veil of flesh can see
The face of Thy Divinity,
My Lord, my God, my Saviour!

CLXXXIX.

HARK! while I sing, our village clock The hour of eight, good sirs, has struck. Eight souls alone from death were kept When God the earth with deluge swept. Unless the Lord to guard us deign, Man wakes and watches all in vain.

Lord! through thine all-prevailing might, Do thou vouchsafe us a good night!

Hark! while I sing, our village clock The hour of nine, good sirs, has struck. Nine lepers cleansed returned not. Be not thy blessings, man, forgot. Unless the Lord to guard us deign, Man wakes and watches all in vain.

Lord! through thine all-prevailing might. Do thou vouchsafe us a good night

Hark! while I sing, our village clock The hour of ten, good sirs, has struck. Ten precepts show God's holy will. Oh, may we prove obedient still! Unless the Lord to guard us deign, Man wakes and watches all in vain.

Lord! through thine all-prevailing might, Do thou vouchsafe us a good night!

Hark! while I sing, our village clock The hour of twelve, good sirs, has struck. Twelve is of time the boundary. Man, think upon eternity! Unless the Lord to guard us deign, Man wakes and watches all in vain.

Lord! through thine all-prevailing might, Do thou vouchsafe us a good night!

Hark! while I sing, our village clock
The hour of one, good sirs, has struck.
One God alone reigns over all:
Nought can without His will befall.
Unless the Lord to guard us deign,
Man wakes and watches all in vain.
Lord! through thine all-prevailing might,
Do thou youchsafe us a good night!

Hark! while I sing, our village clock
The hour of four, good sirs, has struck.
Four seasons crown the farmer's care.
Thy heart with equal toil prepare.
Up, up, awake! nor slumber on;
The morn approaches, night is gone!
Thank God, who by His strength and might,
Has watch'd and kept us through this night.

CXC.

THE Frenchman, first in literary fame,
With spirit, genius, eloquence, supplied,
Lived long, wrote much, laughed heartily, and died;
The Scripture was his jest-book, whence he drew
Bon mots, to gall the Christian and the Jew;

An infidel in health, but what when sick?
Oh—then a text would touch him to the quick:
View him at Paris in his last career,
Surrounding throngs the demigod revere;
Exalted on his pedestal of pride,
And fumed with frankincense on every side,
He begs their flattery with his latest breath,
And smothered in't at last, is prais'd to death.

Yon cottager, who weaves at her own door Pillow and bobbins, all her little store; Content though mean, and cheerful if not gay, Shuffling her threads about the live-long day, Just earns a scanty pittance, and at night Lies down secure, her heart and pocket light; She, for her humble sphere by nature fit, Has little understanding and no wit, Receives no praise, but, though her lot be such, (Toilsome and indigent) she renders much, Just knows, and knows no more, her Bible true—A truth the brilliant Frenchman never knew—And in that charter reads with sparkling eyes Her title to a treasure in the skies.

O happy peasant! O unhappy bard! His the mere tinsel, her's the rich reward: He, praised, perhaps, for ages yet to come; She, never heard of half a mile from home: He, lost in errors his vain heart prefers; She, safe in the simplicity of her's.

CXCI.

BEHOLD this ruin! 'twas a skull,
Once of ethereal spirit full;—
This narrow cell was life's retreat;
This space was thought's mysterious seat.
What beauteous pictures filled this spot!
What dreams of pleasure long forgot!
Nor love, nor joy, nor hope, nor fear,
Has left one trace or record here.

Beneath this mouldering canopy,
Once shone the bright and lovely eye;
But start not at the empty cell;
If on the Cross it loved to dwell;
If with no lawless fire it gleamed,
But with contrition's tear-drop beamed,
That eye shall shine for ever bright,
When suns and stars have lost their light.

Here, in this silent cavern, hung,
The ready, swift, and tuneful tongue;
If of redeeming love it spoke,
Confessing Jesus' easy yoke,
If with persuasive mildness bold,
Condemning sin, of grace it told;
That tuneful tongue in realms above,
Shall sing Messiah's reign of love.

Say, did these fingers delve the mine,
Or with its envied rubies shine?
To hew the rock, or wear the gem,
Can nothing now avail to them:
But if the page of truth they sought,
Or comfort to the mourner brought,
Those hands shall strike the lyre of praise,
And high the palm of triumph raise.

Avails it whether bare or shod
These feet the path of life had trod,
If from the bower of joy they fled,
To soothe affliction's humble bed?
If, spurning all the world bestowed,
They sought the strait and narrow road,
These feet with angel's wings shall vie,
And tread the palace of the sky.

CXCII.

BLEST pair of syrens, pledges of heaven's joy,
Sphere-born harmonious sisters, Voice and Verse,
Wed your divinest sounds, and mixed power employ
Dead things with inbreathed sense able to pierce;
And to our high raised phantasy present
That undisturbed song of pure consent,
Aye sung before the sapphire-coloured throne,
To Him that sits thereon,
With saintly shout, and solemn jubilee;

Where the bright seraphim, in burning row, Their loud uplifted angel-trumpets blow; And the cherubic host, in thousand quires, Touch their immortal harps of golden wires, With those just spirits that wear victorious palms Hymns devout and holy psalms Singing everlastingly: That we on earth, with undiscording voice May rightly answer that melodious noise; As once we did, till disproportioned sin Jarred against nature's chime, and with harsh din Broke the fair music that all creatures made, To their great Lord, whose love their motion swayed In perfect diapason, whilst they stood In first obedience, and their state of good. Oh, may we soon again renew that song, And keep in tune with heaven, till God e're long To his celestial concert us unite. To live with Him, and sing in endless morn of light.

CXCIII,

In cold misfortune's cheerless day,
When joy and peace and love depart
When friends deceive and hopes decay,
And sorrows press the heavy heart,
O Lord! Thou canst relief impart;
"Tis Thou canst cheer the wounded mind,
"Tis Thou canst heal affection's smart;—
Teach us to pray and be resigned.

But, oh! should changeful fortune frown,
Or those we love prove true no more,
Should Death's relentless hand strike down
Those who returned the love we bore;
Still let us worship and adore,
And seek the peace we yet may find;
Teach us, O Father! we implore,
To trust in Thee and be resigned.

CXCIV.

The wind blows chill across those gloomy waves:

Oh! how unlike the green and dancing main!

The surge is foul, as if it rolled o'er graves;—

Stranger,—here lie the cities of the plain!

Yes, on that plain, by wild waves covered now, Rose palace once, and sparkling pinnacle; On pomp and spectacle beamed mornings' glow, On pomp and festival the twilight fell.

Lovely and splendid all,—but Sodom's soul
Was stained with blood, and pride, and perjury.
Long warned, long spared, till her whole heart was foul,
And fiery vengeance on its clouds came nigh!

And still she mocked, and danced, and taunting, spoke Her sportive blasphemies against the Throne.—
It came! the thunder on her slumber broke:
God spake the word of wrath;—her dream was done.

Yet, in her proud might, amid her stood Immortal messenger, and pausing Heaven Pleaded with man, but she was quite imbued, Her last hour waned, she scorned to be forgiven.

'Twas done!—down pour'd at once the sulphurous shower,

Down stoop'd, in flame, the heaven's red canopy. Oh! for the arm of God in that fierce hour!—
'Twas vain, nor help of God or man was nigh.

They rush, they bound, they howl, the men of sin;—
Still stoop'd the cloud, still burst the thicker blaze:
The earthquake heav'd!—then sank the hideous din!
Yon wave of darkness o'er their ashes strays.

CXCV.

O Jesu, source of calm repose,
Thy like nor man nor angel knows,
Fairest among ten thousand fair!
Even those whom death's sad fetters bound,
Whom thickest darkness compass'd round,
Find light and life, if Thou appear.

Effulgence of the light divine,
Ere rolling planets knew to shine,
Ere time its ceaseless course began,
Thou, when the appointed hour was come,
Didst not abhor the virgin's womb,
But, God with God, wast man with man.

The world, sin, death, oppose in vain,
Thou, by Thy dying, death hast slain,
My great Deliverer and my God!
In vain does the old dragon rage,
In vain all hell its powers engage:
None can withstand Thy conqu'ring blood.

Lord over all, sent to fulfil
Thy gracious Father's sovereign will,
To Thy dread sceptre will I bow;
With duteous reverence at thy feet,
Like humble Mary, lo, I sit:
Speak, Lord, thy servant heareth now.

Renew thine image, Lord, in me,
Lowly and gentle may I be;
No charms but these to Thee are dear:
No anger mayst Thou ever find,
No pride in my unruffled mind,
But faith and heaven-born peace be there.

A patient, a victorious mind
That, life and all things cast behind,
Springs forth obedient to Thy call,—
An heart, that no desire can move
But still t'adore, believe, and love,—
Give me, my Lord, my Life, my All.

CXCVI.

By the red lightning rent and riven,
And stretch'd along the plain,
Can the tall oak extend to heaven
Its gay green boughs again?
Or when a star hath lost its track,
And faded from on high,
Can aught restore the lost one back
To glory and the sky?

No: the tall oak no more can spread
Its green leaves to the blast,
Nor can the meteor which hath fled,
Recall its splendours past.
But man, deep sunk in guilty care,
And pressed by human ill,
Can triumph o'er his dark despair,
And find a solace still.

Yes! He who for our ransom bled,
Holds back the avenging rod,
When meek contrition bows her head
Repenting to her God.
Though dark the sin—though deep the heart
Be sunk in guilt and pain,
Yet Mercy can a balm impart,
And raise it up again.

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CXCVII.

SUPREME High-Priest, the pilgrim's light,
My heart for Thee prepare;
Thine image stamp, and deeply write
Thy superscription there:
Ah, let my forehead bear thy seal,
My arm thy badge retain,
My heart the inward witness feel
That I am born again!

Into thy humble mansion come,
Set up thy dwelling here:
Possess my heart, and leave no room,
For sin to harbour there:
Ah, give me, Lord, the single eye,
Which aims at nought but Thee:
I fain would live, and yet not I,
But Jesus live in me.

O that the penetrating sight
And eagle's eyes were mine!
Undazzled at the boundless light
Of Majesty divine;
That with the armies of the sky
I, too, may sit and sing,
Add, Saviour, to the eagle's eye,
The dove's aspiring wing.

CXCVIII.

To conquer and to save, the Son of God Came to His own in great humility, Who wont to ride on cherub-wings abroad, And round Him wrap the mantle of the sky. The mountains bent their necks to form His road; The clouds dropt down their fatness from on high; Beneath His feet the wild waves softly flow'd; And the wind kissed His garment tremblingly. The grave unbolted half his grisly door, (For darkness and the deep had heard His fame, Nor longer might their ancient rule endure;) The mightiest of mankind stood hush'd and tame: And, trooping on strong wing, His angels came To work His will, and kingdom to secure: No strength He needed, save His Father's Name; Babes were His heralds, and His friends the poor.

CXCIX.

WITHIN this awful volume lies
The mystery of mysteries:
Happiest they of human race
To whom their God has given grace
To read, to fear, to hope, to pray,
To lift the latch, to force the way;
And better had they ne'er been born,
Than read to doubt, or read to scorn.

CC.

Who laughs at sin, laughs at his Maker's frowns;
Laughs at the sword of vengeance o'er his head;
Laughs at the great Redeemer's tears and wounds,
Who, but for sin, had never wept or bled.

Who laughs at sin, laughs at the numerous woes
Which have the guilty world so oft befell;
Laughs at the whole creation's groans and throes,—
At all the spoils of death, and pains of hell.

Who laughs at sin, laughs at his own disease,
Welcomes approaching torments with his smiles;
Dares at his soul's expense his fancy please,
Affronts his God, himself of bliss beguiles.

Who laughs at sin, sports at his guilt and shame;
Laughs at the errors of his senseless mind:
For so absurd a fool, there wants a name,
Expressive of a folly so refined.

CCI.

When this passing world is done,
When has sunk yon glaring sun,
When we stand with Christ in glory,
Looking o'er life's finished story,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe.

